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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

One may wonder why Associate Writer Bruce Newman (shown here standing in front of a pizza parlor) is shown here standing in front of a pizza parlor. It all has to do with fame, obscurity, basketball and, of course, pizza.

Newman, recently reassigned to the pro basketball beat (having bounced back and forth between the colleges and pros over the last four seasons), chose to do a story on the San Antonio Spurs (page 28), precisely because they are not famous. "One of the best things about this job," he says, "is when you discover something obscure or unknown, and bring it to people's attention."

Newman had noticed that the Spurs had gotten very little coverage despite leading their division. "Most of the TV games this season," he says, "have involved Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Boston. That's how TV perceives basketball." Not Newman.

In the course of spending a week with the team, he discovered that a lot of the players don't mind the anonymity that goes with being a minor TV at-

traction. "In fact," he says, "they seem to like being unknown."

Newman himself has strong personal views on fame and obscurity, having become well acquainted with the latter when cut from his Evansville, Ind., basketball team his junior year in high school. "That's when I turned to journalism," he says. "It was kind of a relief, because I always knew I wasn't really good at the game, and I admired players who were." As for fame, Newman says, "You want to be famous, but not recognized. I'm constantly amazed by writers who want to be on TV talk shows. It gets in the way of what you want to do."

One of the things that Newman often wants to do is eat pizza. He discovered the marvels of mozzarella while a student at Indiana University and became an instant addict. "For a year in college," he says, "I ate nothing but pizza and Twinkies." He subsequently eschewed the latter, but it wasn't until a year and a half ago that he found a place that makes "the best pizza in New York, if not America." It's called John's Pizzeria, and it's owned by Pete Castellotti, who bills himself as the Baron of Pizza. Located on Bleecker Street, a scant four blocks from Newman's Greenwich Village apartment, it is what Newman describes as well known, but not famous. For instance, a scene for the movie *Manhattan* was filmed there, and pictures of the famous and not so famous are on the walls and in the window.

Which brings us to Newman's definition of fame. "My idea of fame," he says, "is to be one of those people whose picture you always see hanging in restaurants, but you don't know who they are. You walk into a restaurant, see a picture and think, 'Who's that guy?'"

This brings us back to why Newman is standing outside a pizza parlor. He figured if he couldn't be hung inside, he'd settle for being shot outside.



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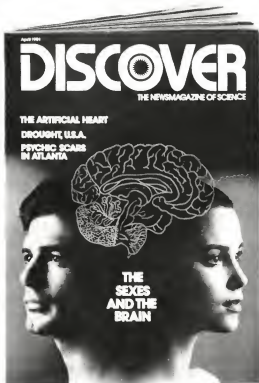


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STATS

by STEVE WULF

THE NEW BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA HAS SOME IMPORTANT TOME IMPROVEMENTS

The Baseball Encyclopedia liveth and *The Baseball Encyclopedia* taketh away. Smokey Joe Wood recently improved his won-lost record by 11 decisions, which is not bad for a 92-year-old man. It seems that in its last three editions the *Encyclopedia* had inflicted a 1-12 record on Wood for 1908, when he only pitched six games. Not until Smokey Joe himself complained—he was worried the discrepancy was keeping him out of the Hall of Fame—did Joe Reichler, the editor of the *Encyclopedia*, take notice. In the new edition, coming out in May (Macmillan, \$29.95), the knock on Wood is corrected to 1-1.

The *Encyclopedia* also has the power of life and death. Otis Clark was surprised to discover he'd died in Pittsburgh. Otis, who pitched briefly for the '45 Red Sox, happened to have the same full name, William Otis Clark, as Wee Willie Clark, a first baseman in the 1890s, who did die in Pittsburgh in 1932. Otis is alive and well in the new edition.

Some 100 discrepancies and errors have been righted in the fifth version of what has become the tome, sweet tome of all baseball fans. Honus Wagner's RBI total in 1912 will no longer be bold-faced, indicating he led the league. Everybody knows Heinie Zimmerman won the Triple Crown that year. Says Macmillan Associate Editor Jeff Neuman, "We're always grateful when a mistake is found, but some of these errors could only be caught by someone crazy enough to go through every player, line by line." Challenges are checked against the records in Reichler's dinosaurian library. If Reichler is credited with the putout, then a computer that's programmed to catch all sorts of errors gets an assist.

The *Encyclopedia* may not be perfect, but in the 13 years since its first appearance, it has developed a sort of omnipotence over the game. "Sometimes I get this strange, mystical feeling that I can change the course of history by altering the facts," says Neuman, a devout Red Sox fan. "I'm tempted to take one home run away from Bucky Dent."

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VISION



David Douglas Downes

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SCORECARD *continued*

There followed appearances in Youngstown, Ohio; Tucson; Los Angeles; Aurora, Ill.; Los Angeles again and Albuquerque. During one stretch, Lasorda made 16 appearances in 15 cities in 18 days.

This itinerary was supplied by the Dodger speakers bureau and covers only appearances the club was aware of. Noting that the garrulous, airport-hopping Lasorda may have added other engagements himself, team officials apologized that the list may be incomplete.

DOUBLE DUTY

On a memorable weekend in 1958, Wilt Chamberlain of the University of Kansas pulled off an impressive athletic double, scoring 32 points in a 60-59 basketball overtime victory over Oklahoma in Lawrence on a Friday night, then tying for the Big Eight high-jump championship by clearing 6' 6 3/4" in the conference indoor track meet the next afternoon in Kansas City. Last week Kansas junior Tyke Peacock achieved an even more breathless basketball-high jump double. The 6' 1" Peacock is out of Chamberlain's league in basketball. He has averaged 3.9 points per game this season as a reserve point guard. But he outstrips Wilt as a high jumper, having won the World Cup title last summer in Rome with a jump of 7' 5 3/4". And what confronted him now was quite a challenge. The Jayhawks were scheduled to play Iowa State in basketball in Lawrence at 1:05 p.m. on Saturday, and the high-jump competition at the Big Eight indoors was due to begin in Lincoln, Neb., 180 miles away, at 3 p.m. the same day.

The only reason Peacock could even hope to compete in both places was that Kansas basketball Coach Ted Owens had arranged earlier in the week to move the Iowa State game, for Peacock's benefit, an hour ahead of its original scheduled starting time of 2:05 p.m. Peacock wound up playing 20 minutes, scoring six points in a 63-61 loss to the Cyclones. The game ended at 2:50 p.m. Still in basketball uniform, Peacock was driven under police escort on the 10-minute trip from Allen Field House to Lawrence Airport, where he boarded a Cessna Citation owned by an anonymous Kansas booster for a 33-minute flight to Lincoln, during which he changed into his track uniform. The plane landed in Lincoln at 3:32 p.m., and Peacock was whisked by van to the Bob Devaney

continued

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Sports Center in barely six minutes.

The high-jump competition was by now well under way. That morning track coaches of the other Big Eight schools had voted to disqualify Peacock if he arrived after the high jump began, but they later relented during what participants described as an emotional meeting. The high-jump competition began at 6' 5", and Kansas Coach Bob Timmons arranged to have Peacock pass at that height. The bar was at 6' 9" when Peacock showed up, and he passed at that height, too. He then cleared 6' 11" on his first jump, 7' 1" on his third jump and, finally, 7' 3 3/4" on his second try to win the event, set a Big Eight indoor record and help Kansas win the conference championship. Peacock intimated that he might have jumped even higher if he hadn't been so "sore and tired" from playing basketball, but he didn't dare complain too much about that. After all, the basketball game could have gone into, say, triple overtime.

DOWN TWO, DOUBLED AND VULNERABLE

Dr. Richard Katz played in a duplicate bridge tournament last weekend at the Wild Whist Club in Los Angeles. So did Larry Cohen. What's noteworthy about this is that five years ago Katz and Cohen, one of this country's leading pairs, withdrew under pressure from the North American team trials in Houston and resigned from the American Contract Bridge League. The reason: The ACBL had accused them of cheating, claiming that the two had exchanged information during the bidding by means of intricate signals involving sniffs and coughs (SI, April 11, 1977).

Katz and Cohen brought a \$44 million defamation suit against the league, but last week, just as the case was about to come to trial in Los Angeles Superior Court, a settlement was reached. Both players were readmitted, effective immediately, to the ACBL. It was also agreed that the ACBL's insurance carrier would pay the players' legal fees of \$75,000. However, another stipulation was that for at least two years Katz and Cohen wouldn't be allowed to play as partners, which is why Katz was playing with his wife, Pat, at the Wild Whist while Cohen played with Gogi Petrusek. Katz called this last provision "a face-saver" for the ACBL, the implication being that the league had, in bridge parlance, gone

down two, doubled and vulnerable. Indeed, the league's willingness to readmit Katz and Cohen suggests that it may have had doubts about its ability to prove in court that they had, in fact, cheated. On the other hand, Katz and Cohen will have trouble claiming that they've been vindicated by a settlement under whose terms they chose not to try to clear their names in court and are still conspicuously prohibited from playing together as partners.

THE NEW KIND OF ARBITRATION

Baseball salary arbitration is something of a crap shoot. Arbitrators rule either for the players or the club, no compromises allowed. This year, for the first time since 1978, more players than owners crapped out. Of the 22 cases that reached arbitration, the clubs won 14. Player agent Steve Greenberg blames the players' poor showing partly on last year's strike; players, he says, weren't able to build up impressive or credible statistics over the abbreviated season. He also believes that some clubs, stung by arbitration losses in recent years, were purposely low-balling in prearbitration negotiations to induce players to submit bids higher than they should have.

Another factor was the presence on management's side in eight of the 22 cases of Tal Smith Enterprises, a new consulting firm specializing in baseball salary arbitration. The four teams represented by Smith, a former Yankee executive vice-president and Astro president and general manager, won seven of those eight cases, saving the clubs more than \$1 million in salaries. In the process, Smith dethroned as king of arbitration player-agent Dick Moss, who during one four-year stretch had won eight straight cases but who lost to Smith in all three head-to-head confrontations between the two this year.

Smith, who had been working with his name-member staff full time since November in preparing for arbitration cases, attributes his success at the hearings to "intense preparation and good presentation." Indeed, so effective was Smith that one player who went up against him in arbitration reportedly confided later that he was almost swayed by Smith's arguments. But then, Smith may also partly owe his success to a willingness to offer slightly higher raises than did negotiators for other teams. While

the seven players he beat in arbitration received, even in defeat, salary increases averaging \$118,000, the average raises of the seven players who lost in cases in which Smith wasn't present on management's side received raises averaging "only" \$95,000.

A DREAM FULFILLED

Betty Ruth Goza of Lilburn, Ga., is a rabid basketball fan who has long had a special admiration for North Carolina Coach Dean Smith. However, Mrs. Goza's basketball-playing son, Lee, a 6' 9" center, didn't get recruited by Smith, so he enrolled at Georgia Tech. Last week, during a 77-54 Tech loss to North Carolina in Chapel Hill, Lee Goza, now a senior, took an inbound pass from teammate Brook Stepp to start the second half and, confused by the Tar Heels' man-to-man press, drove toward his own basket and scored a layup for North Carolina. The partisan Tar Heel crowd went bonkers, the other Tech players were mortified and Goza flashed a pained expression. But he regained his composure by the time the game ended. "I wish Mom could have seen it," he said brightly of his embarrassing moment on the court. "She always wanted me to score for North Carolina."

THEY SAID IT

- Doug Atkins, former Chicago Bear and recently elected to the Pro Football Hall of Fame, discussing his old owner-coach, George Halas: "I got along with Halas just fine. If he'd paid me a little more, I might have even liked him."
- Edward Bennett Williams, Baltimore Orioles owner, referring to the National League's notoriously conservative owners: "They're 100% for progress and 100% against change."
- Doug Barnes, University of Arkansas at Monticello basketball coach, asked what his best move of the year was: "To sell nachos in the concession stand. We're making a bundle off those things."
- Wilbert Montgomery, Philadelphia Eagles running back, taking his turn as the last of 27 speakers at a sports banquet in Dover, Del.: "I thought that back-of-the-bus stuff was all over with."
- Chuck (Bobo) Brayton, Washington State baseball coach, on the importance of recruiting: "It's like shoveling. If you don't do it every day, you're a bum." **END**

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IT WASN'T A FOND FAREWELL

In their last game ever at 56-year-old Iowa Field House, the Hawkeyes lost to archrival Minnesota in triple OT

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

With apologies to Iowa's own Meredith (The Music Man) Willson:

Ya got trouble, Iowa.

Right here, I say.

Trouble right here in Iowa City.

Trouble with a capital T and that rhymes with D and that stands for Darryl; and it rhymes with G and that stands for Gopher and that means Darryl Mitchell and the Minnesota Gophers.

The Big Ten took on a drastically different look last Saturday afternoon right there in Iowa City. Mitchell erased the Hawkeyes' one-game conference lead by calmly sinking two free throws after time had expired in the third OT of an epic struggle between those unfriendly neighbors, Minnesota and Iowa.

Not only did the foul shots give D a game-high 21 points and his Gs a 57-55 victory, but they also enabled Minnesota to tie the Hawkeyes for the league lead (both are 12-4 in the Big Ten, 20-5 overall) and spelled considerably more T for Iowa, because this week the Hawkeyes must play





their final two conference games on the road while Minnesota is at home.

Mitchell, a 6' 5" senior guard, was poised as he clutched a tough rebound after a missed Iowa shot with eight seconds left in Overtime 3. He looked under control as he dribbled up the floor and over the time line and then whirled 360 degrees to avoid a steal. "He overlapped it; he playgrounded it all the way," Iowa's freshman center, Michael Payne, said later. Mitchell seemed to be comfortable even as he jumped and launched a no-chance prayer from maybe 40 feet, and he acted merely relieved when the Hawks' Mark Gannon was whistled for the unnecessary, fateful foul.

The reasons for Mitchell's relative serenity weren't hard to guess. There was confidence born of his awareness that the Hawkeyes—notorious windsuckers in the stretch—had led the Big Ten in 1981 before losing their last two games and the championship, and that they seemed to be running scared in this season's race. And he couldn't help but feel satisfaction at having been given the opportunity to spoil an emotional orgy for the 13,365 teary-eyed faithful attending the final game at Iowa's 56-year-old Field House. Surely part of it was the pride he felt in the Gophers' having come from four points behind near the end of regulation and having survived Iowa's last-shot strategy in each overtime.

In 1980-81 Minnesota, playing with virtually the same cast, lost four of five overtime games and finished last in the Big Ten in free-throw percentage. But Mitchell looked so sure of victory even before he stepped to the line, buried his foul shots and enabled the Gophers to whip Iowa for a second time this season that nobody could doubt him later when he said, "I tell you, the throws were academic. Nothing to it."

continued

Breuer is ascendant here, but Payne out-rebounded him and matched him point for point.

What I was worried about was the foul call. Now that was gutsy."

That Mitchell, a two-year sulker/head-case who wanted to redshirt this season until circumstances changed his attitude, saved the day wasn't so peculiar given the topsy-turviness of this strangest of Big Ten seasons. To wit: Iowa beat lowly Northwestern by a point while shooting 34.5%. Minnesota won at Purdue, a real disappointment this year, on a fluke foul. (Mitchell did the honors again, converting a one-and-one with one second left.) Iowa and Indiana split blowouts before which the defending national champion Hoosiers were beaten by Northwestern and after which the Hawkeyes were beaten by Michigan, then an eighth-place club. Minnesota lost twice to mediocre Illinois, which lost to feeble Michigan State, which lost to woeful Wisconsin, which shouldn't beat anybody this side of Canada. And Indiana Coach Bob Knight and his Hoosiers treated a Purdue coed to dinner. She called Knight "charming." You figure out the Big Ten.

Although a showdown between Minnesota and Iowa was hardly unexpected, their circuitous routes to the ancient battleground in the cornfields were mined with controversy.

The Gophers always have been considered Bunyanesque, even in a conference of bruisers. In recent years they have sent such heavy hitters as Mychal Thompson, Mark Olfherding, Kevin McHale and, yes, Dave Winfield to the pros. In contrast, the current pivot, Randy Breuer, is a wispy, angular creature of 7' 3" who veers through the lane for soft turn-either-way jumpers.

Breuer, a junior, is the key man on a roster otherwise dominated by seniors who, four years ago, were hyped as the best recruiting class in the land but have never really measured up. After two players left—Leo Rautins wound up at Syracuse, Kevin Stollings at Purdue—the remnants led by Mark Hall and Trent Tucker qualified for the NIT the past two seasons. But as Coach Jim Dutcher points out, "Our seniors haven't won the Big Ten or been to the NCAAs or collected any all-conference honors. Our fans have expressed disappointment, the media are upset. It all adds up to tremendous pressure."

Then just as the Gopher seniors were

getting primed for their last shot in glory, an awkward situation involving Hall arose. When Hall, a 6' 2" guard and Minnesota's best penetrator, was declared ineligible on Sept. 28 because of bad grades—in summer school he'd received an A in How to Study but a D in General Art—he sued the university for, in effect, his right to play ball. In a subsequent surprise, U.S. District Court Judge Miles W. Lord chastised Hall for his "insolence and arrogance," called the ideal of the student-athlete "a charade," but nevertheless ruled for Hall and ordered him admitted to a degree-granting program and reinstated on the team.

By the time Hall rejoined the Gophers, however, they were halfway through the season, and a happier Mitchell was filling Hall's role. Hall, his timing gone, was able to contribute only 38 points in 10 games. Well, how is a guy supposed to keep in shape when he's on the telephone? During legal proceedings it was revealed that Hall owed Northwestern Bell \$969.78 in unpaid bills, and a campus investigation alleged that Hall had charged to the university as much as \$800 more in personal calls.

Hall finally hung up the receiver long enough to quit the team for good last week. "It's a relief," Dutcher said. "Mark wasn't helping us. This thing had become bigger than our team. Why, we were being covered by editorial writers." Not to mention vultures.

Surely Iowa would put the visitors from the North out of their misery, what with the laws of average, reciprocity and passion working for the Hawkeyes in one of the sport's fiercest rivalries. Not even Dutcher realized the vicious nature of the competition between the Big Ten's westernmost outposts when he became Minnesota's head man. Gophers refer to Iowa as Biga Minnesota, and Hawkeyes have suggested ceding their northern tier of counties to Minnesota to raise the IQ of both states.

After the Gophers beat the Hawks 61-56 in January, Iowa Coach Lute Olson said the Minnesota coaching staff was "unethical" for psyching up their team by misquoting him. Breuer, who outscored Payne 22-4, had said, "Olson

better stop living in the past. All he does is talk, talk, talk." Mitchell also said that to win the Gophers were prepared to "fight," if necessary.

Before the rematch, both teams low-keyed their differences. Besides, Olson had other matters to worry about, notably the Hawks' recent shooting slump



Hansen, shooting against Gary Holmes and Breuer, led the Iowa scorers with 15 points.

(41.2% in a four-game, two-loss stretch) and his players' sense of déjà vu "It could be like last year," Forward Kevin Boyle said. "If we don't play together we're capable of being one of the worst teams in the nation."

On Saturday Iowa was hardly that in rallying from seven points behind in the

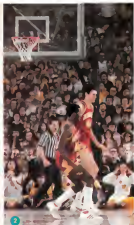
first half and then from six down in the second. Bob Hansen scored 15 points coming off the Hawk bench, and Payne, a 6'11" bundle of moves even though he is painfully skinny, was containing Breuer, who had 12 points and five rebounds, while amassing 12 and 12 himself. Minnesota's Tucker and Mitchell,

however, were making baskets from so deep the Hawks needed radar to track the ball.

Behind 39-33, Iowa switched to a man-to-man defense (Boyle on Tucker) that propelled them to a 20-10 spurt and a 53-49 lead with 2:58 left. Sure enough, Mitchell again hit from out behind the

continued





Iowa floundered during the game's three overtimes. Carlino fell down attempting the last shot of the first extra period (1), and



Minnesota's Mitchell rebounded Hansen's second miss, got away from Hansen and Carlino (4) and drew a foul from Gannon as time

IOWA-MINNESOTA *continued*

silos. Then Gannon committed the first of his two stupid fouls, and Minnesota's John Wiley, a 21.4% free-throw shooter, hit both ends of a one-and-one to tie the game, at 53-53, for the 11th time.

Herewith, the Iowa endings:

Regulation. After holding the ball for the final 1:41, the Hawks' Kenny Arnold

broke loose for a layup at :03. Whop! Out of nowhere, Brewer swatted the shot into the stands. Hansen's subsequent 25-footer bounced off the rim.

Overtime 1. After an exchange of baskets made the score 55-55 with 36 seconds left, the Hawks held the ball for a final shot. At :04 Steve Carlino drove around two picks to get in the clear, but slipped down and unleashed a one-hand-

ed, falling-away, set-shot iron smasher. Or, as it may be more commonly known in Carlino's hometown of Bellflower, Calif., the Mexican Hat Heave.

Overtime 2. With the score still 55-55 and the Hawks having maintained possession for four minutes, 35 seconds, Iowa set up another last shot for Hansen with five seconds left. But as Hansen jumped, the Gophers' Zebedee Howell



Hansen messed up twice, losing the ball to Howell at the end of the second overtime (2) and trying a bad shot near the end of the third (3).



expired (5). While Gannon and Carfino agonized over the call (6), Mitchell went to the line and sank the two winning free throws (7).

stripped the ball from his grasp. For Minnesota: Zebedee doo dah.

Overtime 3. In trying to hold the ball again, the Hawks threw it away into Breuer's hands with 1:04 remaining, but 15 seconds later Mitchell was called for charging. Now Iowa worked the clock down to :08, at which juncture Hansen rushed into the open at the top of the circle. It was too far, too fast. But Hansen

couldn't resist the opportunity. He shot and missed again.

"We kept telling our guys to keep it solid," said Dutcher, "to play tough and give the other people a chance to make the mistake." Finally, Iowa had made its last one.

As Mitchell grabbed the rebound and headed upcourt, he thought about calling a time-out but remembered that Minne-

sota didn't have any left. Mitchell also thought about passing—Tucker was wide open, screaming—and he decided against that, too. He simply juked, spun and jumped. "I probably should have done something else," Mitchell said, "but it was just one of those things."

That's with a capital T and that rhymes with OT-3 and that means trouble right there in Iowa City. **END**

A Meeting Of The Brilliant And The Bizarre

Record performances at the TAC championships were matched by record mix-ups **by CRAIG NEFF**

Tall, bony Veronica Bell, her face powdered white with sand from the long-jump pit, tried to describe the sensation of leaping two feet farther than she ever had. "When I got to the board it felt good," said Bell, a little-known junior from Cal Poly-Pomona, who—perhaps—jumped 21' 11½" at last Friday's USA/Mobil Indoor Track & Field Championships in New York to break Martha Watson's nine-year-old American women's indoor record by a stunning seven inches. "It felt like"—here she churned her arms—"ch-ch-ch-ch-ch. After that, emotional burnout for a few minutes." And soon, maybe, another type of burnout. Because her jump was measured with something called a Lufkin tape, it's uncertain whether Bell gave the performance of her life or was given it. It was that kind of meet.

As the culmination of the best U.S. indoor track season in years—before Friday, American or world records had been equaled or broken 39 times—and as the final, most heavily weighted of 16 meets on a \$100,000 Grand Prix circuit, the indoor nationals were expected to be special. In a sense, they were. They were alternately brilliant and bizarre.

For instance, did Bell really set a U.S. record? Did Evelyn Ashford break Jeanette Bolden's women's world indoor 60-yard-dash mark or not break her own world record for the event? How could hurdler Stephanie Hightower run the exact same women's world indoor record time she and Candy Young had attained at the Millrose Games two weeks earlier and not be credited with tying the record? How did a three-foot chunk of the long-jump runway vanish? And, why was Mary Decker Tabb going around armed with a pistol instead of spikes?

Bell's seemingly astonishing effort came on her first attempt at 11:30 Friday morning—so early that no more than

300 spectators were in Madison Square Garden to see it. Using less than two-thirds of the 150-foot runway, Bell, whose personal best indoors had been 19' 10½", hit what she immediately knew was a good jump. "I looked back and said to myself, 'Twenty feet, 10 inches,'" she said later. The judges measured the jump at 6.70 meters, or 21' 11½". "I went haywire," said Bell.

But perhaps something else was haywire. A Lufkin measuring tape, which is marked off in millimeters rather than in centimeters, is easily misread. The "70" that appears a couple of inches after six meters doesn't denote 6.70 meters, but rather 6.07 meters, or 19' 11". The true 6.70 mark comes two feet farther out, where the tape reads "700." Bob Hersh, records chairman for The Athletics Congress, suspects the jump was actually 6.07 meters. He also points out that in violation of required procedure a referee wasn't called to the pit to verify Bell's mark until after the sand was raked. Nine months may pass before the record is approved or rejected.

Bell, whose next-best jump on Friday was 20' 1¼", remained bright-eyed and sanguine. "Now I have to stick around and watch my hero jump," she said. She referred not to Larry Myricks, who taught her the "hitch" style of jumping only three months ago, but to Carl Lewis, who broke Myricks' world indoor record (27' 6") in 1981 and since then has extended it to 28' 1". Bell has a crush on Lewis. "He won't like you if you beat his sister Carol," warned a bystander. "Well," Bell answered, turning a bit pouty, "he took my coach's record away."

Lewis had some difficulty with some measurements, too. Using his own tape, he found the Garden runway, which had suited him fine two weeks earlier at the Millrose Games, to be several feet short. "Who would have cut it off?" asked Millrose Meet Director Howard Schmertz. "That can't be." But Lewis had to stand up on the banked third turn of the track in order to get in his full run-up, and this



Though injured, Decker Tabb had a blast.

led to fouls on his first two jumps. But on his fifth leap, Lewis soared. The first time he jumped 28 feet indoors, in January's U.S. Olympic Invitational, Lewis hadn't sensed the magnitude of his leap. "This time I felt it more," he said. And this time, in contrast to the solitude in which Bell jumped, it seemed every tuxedoed meet official in the building was at the sandbox. Cameramen swarmed around Lewis. When he tried jogging down the track to stay loose, the swarm followed him. He faked left and right. The swarm faked left and right. Lewis finally began to laugh at the absurdity of it.

He even smiled when the measurement was announced: 8.55 meters, or 28' $\frac{3}{4}$ ". He had missed his world record by a silly centimeter, while providing history with its second indoor 28-footer. Lewis, who recently received the Sullivan Award as the nation's top amateur athlete of 1981, seems happy at having lost his eligibility at the University of Houston this winter because he flunked a history course. "I don't have the burden of extra team meets and multiple events," he says. "I love it!"

The more yeoman-like Chandra Cheeseborough of Tennessee State had a different outlook. "I'm helping the team, so I love it," she said. While Lewis was jumping, she'd won her trial heat of the women's 220, the fourth of nine races (three 60s, two 160s and four 220s) she would run on Friday. In the 220 heat, she led all the way in lowering her own women's world indoor 220 record from 23.27 to 23.25. In the evening's final she would again finish first, though at .21 of a second slower. "I just love the 220 so," she said, her gentle voice and manner belying the fierce, glowering presence she affects on the track. "I've always been lucky here," she said. "I only hope I can come back and do this again next year."

Hightower and Young, who had run a side-by-side world-record dead heat in the 60-yard hurdles at the Millrose, didn't enjoy good fortune in their repeat performance Friday night. "I'm not trying to make a habit of this, believe me," said Hightower, who had beaten Young to the first three hurdles before losing her edge. "The last two hurdles I looked for Candy with my peripheral vision," she said. "It was stupid." Said Young, "I don't know who won. This was closer than the Millrose."



If the run-in was short, Lewis' output surely was not.

At midday on Friday, after the 1,001st perusal of the Millrose finishing photo, Schmertz had informed Hightower that hers and Young's record was no longer 7.38 seconds, but 7.37. "I didn't know they could do that sort of thing," Hightower said later.

A full 20 minutes after Friday's race had ended, the results came over the P.A.: "And we have a winner this time..." Hightower buried her face in her hands. "... Stephanie Hightower!" Hightower looked up, smiled and then covered her face again. "... her time, only one one-hundredth off the world record, 7.38 seconds." She was let down. "If they had only left the time alone," she mumbled.

Ashford, too, nervously awaited the announcement of her time. She had defeated Bolden by a foot in the 60, catching the taller sprinter from Wilt's AC with a burst over the last 20 yards. Ashford isn't normally expressive, yet after this victory she ran swiftly and jubilantly back up the sprint runway waving both hands above her head. "I needed this," she said. In San Diego two weeks ago Ashford won the 60 in 6.48, .12 of a second faster than Bolden's world record, but a mark Ashford may lose because the race was so fouled up. Half the field stopped right after the starting gun, thinking there had been a false start, and the meet officials subsequently said

that the timing system had malfunctioned. "I didn't false start," said Ashford, still incensed. "The timer was fine. It was a world record." With ratification of Ashford's mark still pending, Bolden's record remained the accepted one on Friday night.

Ashford didn't think she'd established a record in Friday's race. "Not unless they timed me going back up the track," she said. But her time turned out to be 6.54—faster, at least, than Bolden's best. "Ya-hoo!" screamed Ashford, losing all restraint and kicking into a combination of the twist and the warus. "I did it! I did it!" She was elated because this would be her final race until 1983. "I need a rest," she said. "I'll start training in August for next year. This is the right way to finish."

In the absence of Decker Tabb, who was limited to starting-pistol duty by a sore ankle, Arizona senior Joan Hansen won the women's two-mile with a strong finish of her own. Taking the lead with 2½ laps to go and never yielding it, she hit the tape in 9:37.03, five yards ahead of Brenda Webbo and Margaret Groos and 1.07 under Francie Larrieu's women's world indoor record. "I'm not used to being in the front like that," Hansen said. "Always a bridesmaid... not anymore." Hansen, who began running only three years ago, comes from an athletic family. Her older brother, John, was once an internationally ranked back-stroker, and her identical twin, Joy, was eighth in last year's women's world modern pentathlon championships. "I'd trade this for a national title in swimming," said Joan, herself a former competitive distance freestyler. "Swimming's my real love."

All that was left was for Cheeseborough to run the anchor leg on Tennessee State's victorious sprint-medley team and give the Tigerbelles the women's team title over Wilt's AC. "I didn't think today would ever end," said Cheeseborough. "But now I'm ready to party. I'm ready for anything." Last Friday, that's what everyone else needed to be. **END**



Best Team You've Never Seen

Sometime around the start of the NBA playoffs, long after the San Antonio Spurs have galloped to their second straight Midwest Division title, America will find out that Dallas isn't the best show in Texas.

What the Spurs have that the Southfork soap opera doesn't is a star who is so good he doesn't need to rehearse and a supporting cast whose bodies are difficult to ignore and impossible to forget. Not only that, but the Spurs also have won year after year with one of the lowest payrolls in the NBA, making San Antonio's HemisFair Arena the best little poorhouse in Texas.

In the five full seasons since the ABA merged with the NBA, the Spurs have had the fourth best record in the league, have been one of only four teams in the playoffs every one of those years, have had in George Gervin a three-time NBA scoring leader, and have been the only team to have won three divisional titles. Despite those accomplishments, they have been on national television only twice in three seasons, most recently almost two years ago. Unless it had been in Boston or Los Angeles, the Alamo wouldn't have been covered by CBS, either.

Of course, one reason the Spurs are unknown is their habit of falling out of the playoffs before the NBA finals.

"We won 52 games last season, led the league in rebounding and blocked shots," Spurs Coach Stan Albeck says, "and didn't have a single guy named NBA Player of the Week. Figure that out. Yet I think the lack of attention has made us play harder."

If a desire to raise their profile hasn't inspired the Spurs, surely San Antonio's unique system of cash bonuses for regular-season wins hasn't hurt. The incentive plan—it's scaled according to a player's talent and seniority, and could earn Gervin \$300,000 in addition to his base

The eyes of San Antonio may be upon the high-ridin' Spurs, but few others' are **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

salary of \$650,000—which began last season, rewards Spur players for every victory after the team's 34th and up to its 56th. San Antonio beat Golden State 143-123 last week to run its record to 35-18. With a subsequent victory over Detroit, the Spurs' Midwest Division lead was 4½ games over Houston and 7½ over Denver. "If the Rockets are going to beat us now," says Albeck, "they've got to win 18 out of their last 25 games while we play just .500 ball."

San Antonio trails only Los Angeles and Houston in team rebounding and has a stinger defense than any of the two teams ranked ahead of it in scoring. The league leaders in scoring, shot blocking and assists all wear the Spurs' silver and black. And in head-to-head competition among the six teams with the best records in the NBA at week's end, San Antonio was 8-3, better than the Bucks' 7-3, Boston's 5-6, Seattle's 4-9, Philadelphia's 4-7 and L.A.'s 7-7.

The most imposing of all those statistics belongs to Gervin—the incomparable leeman, Gervin, who is averaging 32.8 points a game, is headed for his fourth NBA scoring title in five years, a feat unmatched by any other guard in league history. At 6' 8" and 185 pounds, Gervin is as slender and deadly as a bowie knife. His thighs are so scrawny that his uniform shorts look bell-bottomed, and yet he insists that regular fixes of wheat-germ oil and bee pollen keep him strong. "He's amazingly bony," backup Center Dave Corzine says. "I've run into him a few times in practice and it hurts like hell. Ice is

Although a rough customer, Olberding is no slouch at the subtler aspects of the game.

quite capable of taking care of himself."

Gervin's face never sheds its mask of inscrutability, and it's fitting that when he cocks his arms to shoot, his shoulders remain so stooped that his body, viewed in profile, assumes a shape very much like a question mark. Gervin has been something of a mystery ever since he left the playgrounds on the east side of Detroit. After graduating from Martin Luther King High School, he played two seasons at Eastern Michigan University, averaging 26.8 points a game and leading the Hurons to the NCAA college-division semifinals in 1972. It was at that tournament that Gervin sucker-punched Jay Piccola of Roanoke College. "I hated that it happened," Gervin says now, "but it turned out to be a positive thing because my whole career began after that." Gervin was declared ineligible for the 1972-73 season by the NCAA because of a testing irregularity, and he wound up playing for \$500 a month for the Pontiac (Mich.) Chipparels of the Continental Basketball League. "I was earning a living and I had my own car," Gervin says. "I was happy."

Gervin sees his successes as a logical progression. "I proved I could do it to the high school guys and then I did it to the college guys. There wasn't nothing left but the pros," he says. Gervin was discovered in Pontiac by the Virginia Squires of the ABA during the 1972-73 season, and he kept on doing it after he was traded to San Antonio the next season. Still, perhaps because of his unmagical demeanor, Gervin's name is often added to the list of the NBA's best players as a mere afterthought.

"We are only as good as he makes us," Albeck says. "There's no one in the league who can stop him one-on-one. Most coaches would kill for a guy who can score 22, 23 points a game, and Ice does that in a quarter." Two weeks ago Gervin broke out of a mild shooting

continued

Gervin, the lean point machine, is shooting for his fourth scoring title in five years.



slump by making 22 of 29 field-goal attempts for a season-high 49 points against Detroit—in just 33 minutes.

It's useless to shade Gervin to one side defensively because he can shoot with either hand. His long stride and deceptive gait make up for a lack of quickness. "He could get open while standing still," Houston Coach Del Harris once said. Gervin is the most adept practitioner of the bank shot since the Celtics' Sam Jones, though he prefers to slither down the lane for one of his double-pump Ice pick specials. "My best shot is a layup," he says, "and that's what I strive for. But I'm able to shoot the other shots." And Van Gogh could paint a little. Gervin be-

numbled something about having "at least held him to 28 in the first half." One Spur says dryly, "The only way to stop Ice is to hold practice."

Whatever the reason, Gervin is habitually late for workouts and sometimes doesn't show up at all. On most teams that might lead to dissension but the Spurs don't seem to mind. The only real problem caused by Gervin's absenteeism occurred this season between late December and mid-February, when San Antonio had only 10 healthy players on the roster. Forward Paul Griffin went down with a knee injury and another forward, Kevin Restani, was waived. Owner Angelo Drossos let Restani go despite

three games because of an injury earlier this season, he returned with no practice and scored 47 points against Seattle. "He shows up and plays every night," says Albeck. "He's not like a lot of guys who miss practice and then go into the can in the game." Albeck has frequently fined Gervin and even appointed him team captain to give him a sense of responsibility, all to little avail.

"If we're going bad," Forward Mark Olberding says, "Ice will be there to work on his game. But the guy really doesn't need to practice to get his timing down. He can get 40 points any time he wants to."

"If Ice isn't there," Corzine says, "we know it's because he's got more important things to do."

No matter how it may sound, the Spurs are far more disciplined these days than they were from 1976-77 to 1979-80 under Doug Moe, who's now head coach at Denver. Albeck was hired last season and brought with him a 70-page playbook and some very firm ideas about defense. "We just started with the premise that they didn't know anything," Albeck says. "They liked that." With the addition of the beefy Corzine in the middle, the Spurs were transformed from a fitness team to a combination of fire and ice. The Bruise Brothers (Corzine, Olberding, George Johnson and Griffin, augmented this season by rookie Gene Banks) set picks for Gervin and then hammered the opposition on the boards. "Mark and I think of ourselves as enforcers," Corzine says. "If somebody takes a shot at Ice, they're going to have to pay the next time they run through one of our screens. We also feel it's a reflection on a lot of other people when George scores 40 points. When he pops open for a shot, you feel like you're part of that."

Corzine also brought some needed scoring when he was picked up from Washington, where he'd been a bench warmer for two seasons. His 9.8 points a game make up for Johnson, the starting center, who averages more blocked shots (a league-leading 3.27) a game than he does points (2.8). At 6'11" and 220 pounds, Johnson is too skinny to be anything more than an honorary member of the Brothers. Last week Johnson was recovering from a broken nose. Someone once suggested to Albeck that Johnson, whose every offensive foray is an adventure, may be the league's first

continued



During visitors' intros, the Bums, ever eager to stay abreast of the news, read the papers.

longs with Julius Erving and David Thompson, on those rare occasions when Thompson flashes his old form, as one of the most exciting performers in the game—even if few recognize it. "If you aren't ready to play," Thompson says, "he'll set a record on you."

Two seasons ago the Indiana Pacers promoted a home game by highlighting the matchup between Gervin and Dudley Bradley, whom the Pacers were then billing as the Secretary of Defense and who, according to the Indiana publicists, was going to "melt the Iceman." Gervin scored 55 against Bradley that night, on a dizzying array of shots. Bradley later

Griffin's injury and didn't replace him for almost two months. The results of this penny-pinching were often comical. When Gervin was AWOL from a San Antonio shootaround in Los Angeles several weeks back, Albeck was forced to use trainer John Andersen to play the part of Laker Forward Kurt Rambis in practice. Andersen just may be a better player than Rambis, but it was an inconvenience nonetheless.

The following week Gervin missed two more practices, but during that period he laid waste to Detroit with his 49-point effort and had 38 in a 126-121 victory at Denver. After Gervin missed

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70% dunker. "More like 50%," Albeck replied. "There's only a 20% chance he's going to catch the ball in the first place."

The Spurs' other statistical leader is Point Guard Johnny Moore, whose 9.6 assists per game lead the NBA. Two seasons ago the Spurs cut Moore, whereupon he returned to his alma mater, the University of Texas, to become a graduate assistant coach. Last season San Antonio gave him a second look and Moore quickly blossomed into the Spurs' best passer. When longtime star James Silas was traded to Cleveland during the off-season, Moore was handed the playmaking job. Moore also has the best assist-to-turnover ratio among the NBA's top 10 playmakers. He generates 4.38 assists for every turnover he commits, compared to the Lakers' Earvin Johnson, who turns the ball over once for every 2.39 assists. Moore, who has played 530 fewer minutes than Johnson this season, has 11 more total assists.

With Moore on hand, the one item left on Albeck's shopping list was a small forward capable of averaging 20 points. "We looked at the other top teams," Albeck says, "and they all had a forward who could get them 20 points every night." Reggie Johnson, the Spurs' incumbent at that position, scored 10.2 points a game last season, and Olberding "didn't want the offensive pressure," ac-

cording to Albeck. Banks was averaging more than seven points a game but wasn't ready to start, so in December when Cleveland dangled Forward Mike Mitchell and Guard Roger Phegley in exchange for Ron Brewer, who was Gervin's backup, and Johnson, the Spurs leaped at the deal. Brewer, however, was no ordinary backup; he was San Antonio's second-leading scorer and when Gervin was injured, he scored 39, 40 and 44 points in consecutive games.

Albeck, who had coached Mitchell in Cleveland two seasons ago, says Mitchell is just now beginning to shake off the effects of the Cavs' non-stop losing. "I had lost my enthusiasm for the game," admits Mitchell, who reported to San Antonio 10 pounds overweight. "After a while in Cleveland everybody was just expecting to lose."

There aren't any such attitude problems in San Antonio, which is wild about its Spurs. The Sound of the Spurs, a contrived pop band, gets things rocking before each home game, and then the dreaded Baseline Bums take over. There are several qualifications for membership in the Bums, one of which is the ability to drink for at least an hour and still be able to cheer unbelievable obscenities from a semupright position. One of the things the Bums enjoy most is dressing up for Spurs' games. When Phoenix Center Alvin Adams accused



Johnson leads the free world in blocks.

Gervin of breaking his nose with a deliberate punch earlier this season—films couldn't confirm Adams' charge—the Bums showed up for the Spurs' next San Antonio appearance with white tape across the bridges of their noses and black makeup under their bloodshot eyes. Slightly less subtle was the Bums' annual Halloween costume parade several years ago, when one of the Bumettes of a particularly religious bent (or a particularly bent religion) came as a pregnant nun. And the Bums have other nasty habits, such as getting themselves so badly hung over at Saturday night Bums' debauches that they are in no shape for the Spurs' Sunday afternoon games. "Those people don't stop throwing up until about one o'clock in the afternoon," Spurs P.A. announcer Pat Tallman says.

For now the Spurs seem content to bask in the beery adoration of the Bums and let the rest of the country go its own way. As Gervin points out, if the Spurs can avoid their regular early disappearance in the playoffs this year, CBS cannot be far behind. "Hey, they're going to come to us if we win," the Ice man says. "They ain't got no choice."

ENO

While bruising Corzine clears the boards, Brother Banks releases to start the break.



Barbara Potter, tennis' newest star, is half grown-up, half schoolgirl and, on the court, all hate-to-lose singlemindedness **by SARAH PILEGGI**

Winning is like getting in a car accident. You can't totally imagine it until you've done it yourself.

When people say I'm an overnight success, I want to shred them.

My mother will be polishing my manners until I'm 90. There's no way around it. It's simple motherdom.

If someone offers me a lot of money to do something, and it can be worked into my schedule so it doesn't interfere with my practice and my rest, and it is something that contributes to my hopefully classy image as a tennis player, then I'll do it. I won't do pimple cream.

For somebody who's fairly together in life, which I am, I'm very untidy when it comes to having the right color headband to go with a particular outfit. Sometimes I'm just a klutz.

If you have guessed that the speaker isn't John McEnroe, you're correct. The voice is a new one in tennis circles—well, not exactly new, but newly attended to. There is nothing like winning for getting folks to listen to you, and Barbara Potter, at 20, is now a bona fide winner. In January, Potter cleared that most formidable hurdle in a young player's education—she won her first grown-up tournament, the \$150,000 Avon Championships of Cincinnati. As for the other four Avon events she has entered this year, her record is: semis, semis, finals, quarters. Until last week in Oakland, where she lost to Andre Jaeger, the only player who had beaten her in 1982 was Martina Navratilova, and she hasn't lost to anybody this year. Potter's victims include Jaeger, Bestina Bunge (twice), Belie Jean King and Kathy Rinaldi. For her play in 1981, when she made a respectable semifinal showing against Tracy Austin at the U.S. Open and leaped from

Young And Old, Wise And Goofy

26th to eighth in the world, she was named *Tennis* magazine's most improved woman player of the year. No wonder a good many people want to know what Potter has on her mind.

Fortunately, she has a lot. In fact, she seems to have been storing up her thoughts for just such a moment, so that they now come tumbling out, sometimes tripping over each other in the rush to become words.

"It's interesting that these girls mature so thoroughly on the court and as travelers and as worldly-wise people by the age of 15, 16," says Potter. "At 17 they are old women in several ways. And yet, not really, because if you put them in a different situation, anything off their beaten track, they'd probably come up with gaping holes in their development. Some of them may never catch up, and that's sad, because to survive after tennis they have to have a certain understanding of how real life works, of day-in and day-out jobs, of fending for yourself. An income of \$200 a week, not \$2,000 a week, is really what life is about."

Barbara Potter—Barbie to her family, Poisee to her friends older and younger than her years—resists condensation. She is the daughter of an artist, the granddaughter of a Pulitzer Prize-winning newspaperman and the product of a conservative New England prep school and an upbringing that placed a higher value on culture than on wealth.

Were it not for tennis, she would be a junior at Princeton, where she was accepted in 1978, the year she graduated in

the top 10% of her class from the Taft School in Watertown, Conn. Instead, she is one of a roving band of professional athletes, being paid, very well, to pursue an obsession in public. After three years on her chosen path she says, "It is as worthy a process as any other in life."

Potter is tall (5'9") and slim (135 pounds). Her skin has the pale perfection of the beauties painted by Lawrence or Gainsborough. Even after a strenuous match her cheeks take on only the faintest pink tinge. Off the court her style is upper-middle-class suburban. She wears pearls when she dresses up, has her hair cut at Elizabeth Arden and looks equally at home in a silk dress or a sweat suit.

On court she is still half schoolgirl, gawky at times, given to occasional goofy mannerisms as she tries to goad herself into a state of ever greater intensity. Austin has described Potter's big left-handed serve as "the toughest in women's tennis if it's working. She has so many different kinds—flat, slice, American twist." Like Navratilova and Hana Mandlikova, Potter plays an attacking game. A major factor in her success the past year is her vastly improved second delivery, crucial for a net rusher.

But of greater significance is her growing tactical sophistication. "There are so many situations, nobody can be in control of all of them, Chris and Tracy included," says Potter. "However, they have a greater understanding of how to play the important points than most of the other players. I'm improving my understanding of it every day, I hope. But,



I'll tell you, that's where it's at, concentrationwise."

The greatest current influence on Potter's game is Bill Drake, the professional at The Country Club in Brookline, Mass. He has been her coach since she turned pro in January 1979. Drake travels with his star pupil six or seven weeks a year, but more often they meet in a bubble on top of a parking garage in downtown Boston. Before he turned to teaching, Drake played Forest Hills twice and toured Europe a couple of summers, just enough play to give him a taste of the pressures that a player of Potter's ability faces.

Drake has devised an approach to coaching that both he and Potter think is unbeatable. "We never stress whether she's going to win or lose," he says. "Emphasis on that can stifle the ability to grow and improve. Even a loss can be a step forward. We try to be realistic in our evaluation of each match. It helps to defray the pressure of big-time tennis if you can put the matches in perspective. Barbara can never really be beat. She can only be postponed."

"You have to enjoy the process," says Potter. "The idea of building, and overcoming your weaknesses. If you do, then, when you have reached the moment of truth, it's almost like you have a base to fall back on. I hate to lose. I hate to lose. But if you've given a match your best shot and nothing has stopped you except fate or circumstance or the fact that the opponent was too tough that day, then you have nothing to complain about."

The test of Drake's system comes each time Potter reaches a new level—when she defeated Sue Barker in 1979 for her first victory over a Top 10 player, for instance, or when she qualified for the Avon Championships in New York City last year. "It's an aftershock," says

continued

A formidable serve and improved concentration have vaulted Potter into the Top 10.



Bobbie is a collagist, and Mark, who executed this portrait of Barbara, is a painter.

BARBARA POTTER continued

Drake. "The system is shook. The question then is, is it going to stay together? Her solid family backing helps here. She has enough stability that we can plug her back in and she's ready to go."

Potter is the fourth of five children and the only girl in a family of unusual attainment. Her father, Mark, is a painter and a teacher of art who has been inspir-

ing Taft students since 1955. Her mother, Bobbie, who travels with her most of the year, is a collagist. Barbara's maternal grandfather is Hanson W. Baldwin, the celebrated former military editor of *The New York Times* and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for foreign correspondence in 1943.

For most of her life Barbara's home has been a 1760 farmhouse on the banks of the Weekepoemee River in Woodbury, Conn. The rooms are furnished with antiques and Oriental rugs, and the walls serve as a gallery for the creative efforts of the entire family. Mark's studio is 20 yards from the house in a converted barn, and his subject matter is most often the nearby countryside. Occasionally he also paints portraits. One of them, of Barbara at age 9, hangs in the living room. "I remember earning 25¢ per hour posing for that," she says. "I had just received a little metal bank for Christmas, and the ker-chunk of a quarter going down into the box was the most sat-

isfying sound of my whole childhood."

The Potter boys, led by their father, were hockey players. Because organized hockey wasn't available to Barbarn, she was introduced to skiing at 5. By 10, she had become a promising junior racer. "She was the most unbelievable skier I ever saw," says her father. "She could wadel like crazy at 10."

Eventually, for reasons of safety and sanity, tennis was presented as an alternative recreation to Barbara. At 12 she was playing local age-group tournaments, albeit without lessons or coaching. Within two years she had become the top-ranked 14-year-old girl in New England, and at 16 she was 16th in the country in the Girls' 18s. In short, Potter was a fine junior player, but hardly a prodigy.

Bobbie, who has accompanied her daughter to tournaments since Barbara started playing, is as much her alter ego as a mother can be. They dine together, go to movies and museums together and generally keep each other's spirits alive through the ups and downs of a competitive existence. "We're a good match," says Barbara. "Mother is very communicative. I'm not uncommunicative. I've become more and more open since I've grown up a bit. We have a lot of fun together; that's really true."

Money was usually in short supply when the Potter children were growing up, but their lives were not less gracious for its lack, thanks to Bobbie's special genius for resurrecting and making over and doing it with considerable flair. "My mother could entertain the Queen of England on \$10 a day," says Barbara.

"If Bobbie had been a man in World War II, she'd have been a great seroung-war," says Don Usher, an old friend who is coach of the women's tennis team at Harvard. "It's an unbelievable expense to train a professional tennis player indoors. She worked hard to get things so that everybody came out a little bit ahead and Barbie got helped."

It was Usher who first spotted Barbara at a New England junior tournament and who helped her find a coach and money to travel. "I felt anybody who wanted to work as hard as she did had to be given the opportunity to fail," says Usher.

"He is a crusty, charmless, generous man," says Barbara.

These days Usher makes sure that Potter has courts and practice time and partners, usually a member of the Harvard



Sharf's clients are as fond of him as he is of 19th-century art.

men's team, when she's around Boston, which is most of the time she's not playing a tournament. While there, she lives in the spacious Chestnut Hill home of her business manager, Fred Sharf, where she has her own room.

And oh, does she practice. No one on the women's circuit works as hard. "Barbara is a prime example of someone who has made it by dint of hard work rather than God-given talent," says Sharf. "When she's at our house, she leaves every morning at 7:30 and doesn't return until suppers. Virtually the entire day she's either on the court or exercising. One night we had a dinner party. About 10:30, while everyone else was watching TV, the lights on my court went on. I went out and saw Barbara hitting serves.



Potter forwent Princeton to taste tennis.

She said she hadn't hit the number of buckets she had set out to hit that day and wouldn't go to bed until she had."

One day recently, after a workout with two Harvard players, she realized she was referring to them as boys, though both were seniors and two years older than she. As she arranged ice bags around her left ankle and left elbow and shoulder, a preventive mea-

sure she takes after playing. Potter speculated aloud about why

"Maybe on the tennis tour there are people and places and situations that I've seen that they haven't," she says. "I've waded through more muddy puddles, perhaps. It sounds kind of jaded and cynical and old, and that's hardly what I am, but think about the out-for-the-big-back-kinds of people, that sleazier half of the world that seems to flock to the big-money professions like tennis. They don't hang around the Ivy League too much. But they're there in the tennis world, and they have to be dealt with."

Potter is shielded from the excesses of the hustlers by Sharf, a 47-year-old Harvard-educated businessman who inherited a sporting-goods concern and from it has built a fortune that allows him to indulge his fancies—collecting 19th-century American art and managing the financial affairs of some 35 women players, none of them a superstar. Compared with Mark McCormack and Donald Dell, the giants of the tennis managing world, Sharf's Pender Sports Corp. is a cottage industry. But his concern for his clients, no matter how little money they earn for him and themselves, makes him possibly the world's best-loved agent.

Now that Potter has won a tournament she is potentially a big earner. "In the last year good opportunities have been coming to her," says Sharf, "but she's not taking a lot of them because of her tremendous desire to concentrate on her tennis." Of the immediate future, however, Sharf says: "In 1982 her off-court income will be a meaningful amount." On the court Potter made \$172,867 in 1981; this year she's already won \$73,900.

For one who vividly remembers the satisfying *kerchunk* of a hard-earned quarter, Potter is still admirably serene about money. "My idea of security is having a couple of books lined up to read, and luxury is having the time to read them," she says. "The more you win the less time you have to read. Richer and dumber, poorer and smarter, I guess."

As for the formal education she has set aside for now, she says, "The tennis tour has been an out-of-classroom education that most students at Princeton won't ever get, or if they get it, they'll get it much later, when it might be the icing on the cake rather than the cake itself."

Getting rich, maybe, but certainly not dumb. END

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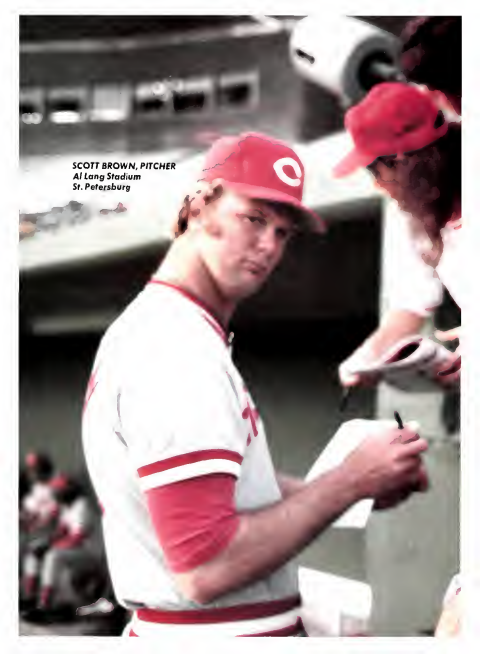
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SHELDON BURNSIDE, PITCHER
Albany Stadium
St. Petersburg



DAVE WINFIELD, OUTFIELDER
*Miami Stadium
Miami*



A color photograph of a baseball player, Scott Brown, in a white and red uniform. He is wearing a red cap with a white 'C' logo. He is looking down at a clipboard he is holding in his left hand, with a pen in his right hand. Another player in a similar uniform is partially visible in the background to the right. The background is a blurred stadium setting.

SCOTT BROWN, PITCHER
Al Lang Stadium
St. Petersburg







RED SCHOENDIENST, COACH
Busch Field
St. Petersburg

A full-length photograph of Tom Seaver standing against a plain, light-colored wall. He is wearing a white Boston Red Sox uniform with red accents, including the number 41 on his jersey and red socks. He is also wearing blue sneakers. The background is a solid light gray wall, and the top of the image is framed by a dark teal horizontal band. The overall composition is simple and minimalist.

TOM SEAVER, PITCHER
Al Lopez Field
Tampa

342

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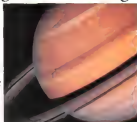
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by Alexander Wolff

Rookie of the year? It's CBS

The network that grabbed the NCAA tournament is scoring in other ways

In July 1980, at the start of his 16-month stint as president of CBS Sports, Van Gordon Sauter said he wanted "sports with lungs." Last March he spent \$48 million for the rights to TV sports' loudest event, the NCAA basketball championship. The deal also called for CBS to air regular-season games.

Of course, NBC, the only network the NCAA finals had ever had, didn't sink off to a winner of trash sport. Though it had lost the tournament, NBC continued its regular-season broadcasts, some of which have gone head-to-head with CBS's. Surprisingly, the competition hasn't hurt either network. NBC's telecasts had an average rating of 6.3 as of last week, meaning 6.3% of all TV homes were tuned in. At the same time last year the games were averaging 6.4. As for rookie CBS, it has drawn enough viewers to achieve a 5.5. Perhaps NBC commentator Al McGuire's belief that "the best thing about freshmen is they become sophomores" isn't entirely true.

When CBS struck its three-year agreement with the NCAA, assembling a slate of regular-season games seemed a tough task. The NCAA doesn't control the rights to those games, as it does in college football; the networks buy them from individual schools and conferences. And NBC, thanks to its contracts with TVS, an independent sports network, had dibs on most of the best. Undaunted, CBS Sports Executive Producer Kevin O'Malley patched together a respectable schedule. For announcers, he matched veteran Gary Bender with former McGuire sidekick Billy Packer, the basketball shrink with the Bob Newhart hairstyle, whom he had wooed from NBC.

CBS didn't have to do much wooing to get the tournament, which practically fell into the network's lap when NBC allowed its option to expire for several reasons, including disagreement over the length of a new contract. After reviewing pitches by the three networks and TVS, the NCAA settled on CBS. Though CBS outbid NBC by \$1.2 million, speculation is that money wasn't the only factor in

the NCAA's decision. Personal differences between NBC higher-ups and their counterparts at the NCAA may well have been involved. Some observers maintain that NBC was poorly prepared for the negotiations. "We didn't win the contract," says Beano Cook, who has just left CBS Sports for ABC. "NBC lost it."

But NBC still had McGuire, who had three years left on his contract. Now that he works only with Dick Enberg, McGuire has become less the cutup and more the analyst. Fortunately, he remains the hyperactive child, bubbly and babbly, but with the worldly wisdom of a well-traveled man. You're allowed 10 seconds to bring the ball over the time line, says Al, "but it's more like 9% on the road and 11 at home."

Another of McGuire's Sunday lessons goes, "The regular season is getting the beachhead. The tournament is getting to Berlin." Accordingly, CBS hit the beach like the Marines, introducing its own Top 20 poll and enriching its coverage with halftime and Sports Saturday segments on such timely subjects as Kentucky's refusal to schedule Louisville and Evansville's up-from-the-ashes Aces. NBC has filled its halftime slots with puppy pieces: McGuire chatting with coaches' wives and warbling country music with Kentucky Coach Joe B. Hall. Better to treat the season as a series of

self-contained extravaganzas rather than as a succession of news events that could serve as a protracted promo for the March Madness on the other network.

All told, CBS has won the ratings battle four of the eight times the two networks' telecasts have begun within two hours of each other. There have been only two blowouts. On Dec. 26, although NBC had a dream matchup in No. 1 North Carolina vs. No. 2 Kentucky, CBS's DePaul-Louisville game rode the coattails of the Sun Bowl to a 10.5 rating to NBC's 6.8. Two weeks later, with college football safely in mothballs, NBC mopped up CBS's regional games with its other ideal match, No. 1 Carolina against No. 2 Virginia, which got a 9.8. "If NBC doesn't beat us in the regular-season ratings, we'll be amazed," O'Malley said in mid-January. NBC has won, but the CBS eye is wide open at how close it has been.

And Berlin is on the horizon. CBS plans to televise 16 tournament games, five more than NBC did last year, along with two specials previewing the tournament. There will also be a control center—à la *The NFL Today*—to make sense of it all. As Cook has said, abruptly shifting the metaphor but still sounding a lot like McGuire, "NBC gets to dance with the pretty girl, but we get to take her home." So far, CBS hasn't exactly been a wallflower, either.



Tates Locke was willing to do just about anything to make Clemson a winner, and it almost destroyed him

by RICK TELANDER



The Descent Of A Man

Taylor O. (Tates) Locke was having trouble sleeping at night. One reason was the speed coursing through his veins—"diet pills I got from a friendly Clemson booster," he says. Another was the hoozie he was downing to mellow out the amphetamine peaks. Finally, there was his personality—he was as high-strung, aggressive and gung-ho over college coaching as anyone has ever been.

There were nights when Locke just forgot to sleep, when he'd find himself wired on a South Carolina blacktop racing back to Clemson from some low-country town like Beaufort or Moncks

Corner where he'd gone to raise money for the Clemson University athletic fund, or maybe from Ohio or Kentucky where he'd gone to scout a 17-year-old "franchise"—and he had to be in his office in an hour or so and there were calls to make and a luncheon speech and practice after that and, well... "There weren't enough hours in a day to accomplish what I wanted," Locke says now.

One other thing was interfering with the coach's slumber: His conscience. He'd gone to Clemson in 1970 after successful head-coaching stints at West Point and Miami of Ohio. At West

Point, Bobby Knight had been Locke's assistant. They'd been a wild, inseparable pair, but they'd been clean. At Miami, Locke says, he had worked with a couple of his players during the summer, a minor NCAA rules infraction—no big deal. But at Clemson Locke was frustrated, confused, desperate. From the beginning he'd tried everything he knew to gain ground on the other Atlantic Coast Conference schools, but nothing seemed to work. "If we got better, the whole league seemed to get better," he says. "And we started out five years behind everybody else." And so, to close the



Tates he shouldn't publish it," says Knight. "The basic premise that everybody cheats is totally wrong. Some do. Most don't. I don't."

The manuscript, written with former sportswriter Bub Ibach, is remarkably frank, a startling account of one man's descent into the netherworld of Division I coaching. Locke's transgressions forced him to resign in 1975 and got the basketball team put on NCAA probation from the 1975-76 season through the 1977-78 season. But the Clemson experience worked its greatest havoc on Locke's own moral fabric. The NCAA proved 40 violations by the school—most of them attributed directly to him. "I really felt when I took the job at Clemson that coaching was still the most important overall factor in winning and losing," he says early in the book. Later he states, "I really thought I was going to die after Clemson. . . . Why I didn't commit suicide or have a nervous breakdown I'll never really know."

Now, amid the casino noises at the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas, Tates Locke, still lean and steely-eyed at 45, is hoping for a comeback. He pushes the "draw" button on a five-card poker video machine, gets two useless cards and loses 25¢. Locke is in his first season as a part-time assistant at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, thanks to UNLV head coach and friend Jerry Tarkanian, and playing a couple of bucks on the poker machines is one of his game-day rituals. Earlier this season he drew a royal flush, and 600 quarters came clattering out. The UNLV Runnin' Rebels won that night, and Locke, whose own luck has been running thin this last decade, is sticking with a good thing.

At team shooting practice in the Las Vegas Convention Center, Locke talks about getting fired from Buffalo in 1977 after just one year as head coach. It was unfair but understandable, he says: all four coaches got canned. But his forced resignation from Jacksonville University last spring—that was a shock. Sure, the 1980-81 team went 9-18, but JU was 19-11 and 20-9 in Locke's two previous years and reached the NCAA, and then the NIT tournaments.

Locke is in limbo in Las Vegas. He wants desperately to be a major-college

head coach again, but he doesn't know if anybody will give him another chance. His wife, Nancy, and their three children are staying in Florida until the future is settled. He is comfortable financially because he received a substantial settlement on the final 4½ years of his Jacksonville contract, but he isn't at ease. As a part-time coach at UNLV, he isn't allowed to recruit, but, then, he doesn't want to. Recruiting violations were his downfall at Clemson. But if he does become a head coach again, he will have to go out and reenter "that particular arena," as he calls it. And that, he admits, "is a disturbing dilemma."

Everyone agrees that Locke is a fine coach. At Miami of Ohio he was named Mid-American Conference Coach of the Year in 1970. He is even respected by the athletic departments at Clemson and Jacksonville. "We're very appreciative for everything Tates Locke did for us," says Clemson Athletic Director Bill McLellan. Nor has anyone questioned Locke's desire to compete. When Knight first arrived at the West Point gym to start work as Locke's assistant, he couldn't find the head coach anywhere. Finally Knight realized Locke was out on the floor scrimmaging with the team.

"Tates is just a devoted student of the game," says Knight. "All the other crap that means so much to other coaches—image and appearance and all that—means nothing to him." Indeed, Locke's appearance is clean-cut. There's nothing flashy about him—or his rusting old Buick. "But he's too impulsive," continues Knight. "His success didn't come too easily, but it may have come too fast."

And now there is the irony of the out-law coach trying to be reborn in the out-law town. Certainly sad-eyed Jerry Tarkanian, whom Locke sometimes calls the "Great Ruccoon," is a man whose own checkered coaching past cannot reflect too well on his assistant. As Locke puts it, "I'm sure people are saying, 'There goes Frank riding with Jesse again.'"

The UNLV players aren't unaware of the curious ambience surrounding their team. A while back Tarkanian and Locke had their pictures taken at court-side with former New Mexico Head Coach Norm Ellenberger, who was fired two years ago because of academic and financial irreg-

gap, Tates Locke cheated. Cheated big, paying money to players and encouraging academic chicanery.

Locke's account of those days at Clemson and his subsequent experiences as head coach at Buffalo in the NBA and at Jacksonville University are the subject of his book, *Caught in the Net*, scheduled to be published soon by Lencore Press. Oddly, after months of soul-searching and thought-collecting, Locke now isn't sure he wants the book released. "It sounds vindictive," he says, "but that's not how I meant it. The book is for young coaches, to let them know about the personal hell they're in for if they do what I did."

Bobby Knight, still one of Locke's best friends, was set to write the introduction to the book, but has now reneged. "I told

continued

ularities in his program. UNLV Forward Richard Box stuck his head into the group, looked at the men involved and asked the photographer, "Would you buy a used car from any of these men?"

Tarkenton himself is uncertain about where Locke goes from here. When asked recently about Locke's chances for a head-coaching job somewhere, Tark the Shark shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "What do you think?"

Things used to be less complicated. Locke grew up in Cincinnati, an only child who lived for basketball. He played at Ohio Wesleyan, but it wasn't until he joined the Army in 1960 and was stationed at West Point that he knew for certain he wanted to coach. That's where he met P.C. Bobby Knight, already a high-grade basketball fanatic. Together they hatched out basketball strategy, ate and partied together, traveled together, played on the same intramural team. The two men liked the game to be played the same way—controlled but fierce, very fierce. Within weeks, Locke remembers, both had been thrown out of their intramural league for "rough play and overzealousness."

Later, with Knight as his assistant, Locke had a 40–15 record in his two seasons at Army (1963–64, 1964–65). For lack of the two buddies would jump into Bobby's car and drive through the East looking for games to scout or simply watch. Often they'd end up at Madison Square Garden and later at the nearby Manhattan Hotel to listen to legendary basketball coaches shoot the breeze. "All

the great ones would stop by—Nat Holman, Honey Russell, Clair Bee, Joe Lapchick," says Locke. "I'd drink a beer and maybe Bobby'd have a Coke, and we'd sit and listen. One night I turned to Bobby and said, 'Bobby, do you know how many wars are in this room?'"

When Locke went to Clemson, he knew something about winning himself. In his first six years as a head coach he was 96–57 and he had been to four post-season tournaments. But he'd never encountered a challenge like the ACC.

A conference doormat for years, Clemson had a very long way to go to catch its more prestigious brethren. Nevertheless, the school had hired Locke to get Clemson's basketball program on a par with the Tobacco Road powers up north. "I should have walked away right from the start," says Locke. "But I couldn't. I'd never given up on anything in my life."

Instead of quitting, Locke began his dirty work. One of his very first recruits was Bo Hawkins, a 5'10" junior college point guard whom Locke needed to run his stagnant offense. Unfortunately, Locke says, Hawkins didn't have the qualifications to get into Clemson until he got an illegal assist from a Clemson academic adviser.

Hawkins himself claims he wasn't aware of this special attention until after his graduation from Clemson. Although his grades were weak early in his career, Hawkins went on to graduate school at The Citadel and now teaches biology and coaches basketball at Chester (S.C.)

High School. "Clemson had gotten its butt beat for so long and people wanted to win very badly," he says. "They had no point guards at the time, so they had to have me. I guess, little things were always getting taken care of. There are a lot of deceitful people at Clemson."

Though he was aghast at what he'd engineered, Locke felt powerless to stop. "Sneaking Bo Hawkins into Clemson was the worst thing I had ever allowed myself to be party to in my years of college coaching," admits Locke in the hook. But the thrill of taking the short road up outweighed any ethical concerns. In his hook Locke describes the sensation as being like the real-life opening of Pandora's box, a siner high akin to drug addiction. "After you get the one kid, you want two. Then you get the second prospect and you want another . . . and another. It snowballs. By then you've lost control."

Locke states—and a former assistant confirms—that the second academic trick involved Jeff Reisinger, a 6'6" junior college All America. Locke says that in 1973 a Clemson coed agreed to take a correspondence course for Reisinger to help him get in to Clemson. Though Reisinger may not have been aware of all the clandestine help he received, Clemson Assistant Coach Bill Clendinen was. "The basketball staff was responsible for getting that grade," admits Clendinen, now a coach at Winter Park (Fla.) High School. "There were efforts to get Jeff academically eligible, the grade received in that correspondence course was not the work of Jeff Reisinger."

Locke found plenty of other ways to cheat. Another illegal recruit was Wayne Croft, a 6'9" 220-pounder who many people felt was the best high school prospect in South Carolina in 1971. Locke started off by paying Croft's way to the Clemson basketball camp the summer before, a direct violation of NCAA rules. Locke also enlisted Alvin Coolidge, a fellow student at Croft's high school, to keep him informed about the player's activity. Nothing illegal there, just smart recruiting.

"We learned early that enticing Croft wasn't going to be an easy job," writes Locke. "A couple dozen schools were sending him groceries, turkeys and other foods. I finally saw we had two choices: Either go in there and do the job illegally or get the hell out and forget about Wayne Croft. There could be no in-be-

continued

While Dad's in Las Vegas, Nancy watches over Mike, Kathy and John in Jacksonville.



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When he was at Clemson, money grew on trees.

TATES LOCKE *continued*

tween. I told members of the Clemson alumni the Croft family needed help. They agreed with me."

Locke or some Clemson representative began flying to Croft's hometown regularly to talk up the Clemson deal with the youth. At one point Freshman Coach Cliff Malpass took Cooler, Croft and his father on a fishing trip to hide Croft from other recruiters. When Croft finally agreed to attend Clemson, Locke says he was so thrilled he gave Cooler a scholarship to the school as manager of the basketball team.

Today Croft admits he was given "extra spending money" and other favors while at Clemson but says the emotional trade-off involved may not have been worth it. "I'm a little disappointed that somebody at Clemson didn't take charge and clean things up," he says. "I'm not saying we players weren't mature enough to know right from wrong, but we were 18 or 19, and people in the ath-

letic department still had the power to control us."

As Locke continued to cheat, pride at Clemson continued to grow. Locke says that Clemson President Robert C. Edwards sometimes came into the locker room before games to psych up the players. After one big Clemson home victory, Locke looked into the stands and was startled by what he saw. "There was President Edwards, along with the athletic director, Bill McLellan, and a bunch of other administrators, dancing in the aisles," Locke writes.

Clemson's increasing success wasn't entirely a result of Locke's cheating. He had others cheating for him. He knew the importance of having alumni assist him in working illegal "programs" on blue-chip players. One of the most effective of Locke's recruiters at the time was a former Clemson football player by the name of B.C. Inabinet.

Inabinet is a drawing, outspoken, huge man—6'8" tall, 345 pounds—and wealthy enough to make his opinions count around Clemson. He owns Defender Industries of Columbia, S.C., an industrial maintenance company which, according to Inabinet, employs 7,000 people in 28 states. Proud of both his financial and physical stature, Inabinet has joked, "How can you forget a man like me? I went to a Ku Klux Klan rally and a man said, 'I don't know who anybody is under those sheets, but there's of B.C. over there!'"

Inabinet used to arrive at Clemson home football games in a custom-built bus equipped with leather and teak bars, a TV set, stereo equipment and a P.A. system. In the back of the bus was a large seat, a "throne," where Inabinet would sit and preside over the festivities, speaking to his entourage through a microphone. Though Inabinet was one of three Clemson boosters ordered by the NCAA in 1975 to disassociate themselves from university recruiting programs, he says he is still "Clemson's official worldwide ambassador appointed by the president of the university."

Though Inabinet doesn't actively recruit for Clemson these days, he's quick to underscore his importance during the

Locke years. "Tates Locke couldn't recruit a jackass," says Inabinet. "I was the one who recruited and signed Colon Abraham, Stan Rome, Skip Wise and Tree Rollins," four Clemson stars of the early '70s. Locke agrees with the latter part of Inabinet's statement. "B.C. is an unbelievable salesman for the school," says Locke. "In fact, he's the greatest salesman, period, I've ever met in my life."

Locke realized early on that if Clemson was going to be a basketball power, it had to woo quality black athletes. In the early '70s Clemson had a tiny black enrollment, and many people preferred to keep it that way. Because a congenial environment for blacks didn't exist at Clemson, Locke decided to create one. He calls it "the era of the Phony Black Fraternity."

Taking over an old Quonset hut on campus and converting it into a lounge, Locke created a "fraternity." When he wanted to impress a black recruit, he had people go into surrounding communities and bring back as many black high school students as possible to populate the building. These were the fraternity "members." Locke then hired bands and staged dances. When the recruit came in, he would be surrounded by a facade of minority bliss on campus.

One of Locke's major recruiting goals was a superlative big man who could dominate a game. He found him in 1972—Wayne (Tree) Rollins, a 7'1" high school superstar from Cordele, Ga. With the aid of Inabinet, Locke put his most intensive "program" yet on Rollins and soon had the young man enrolled. One of the most startling sections of Locke's manuscript is the chapter quoting Rollins, now a center for the Atlanta Hawks, on the cash benefits of his college career.

Says Rollins in the book: "Thus guy B.C. Inabinet was offering me everything. I got my '73 Monte Carlo thanks to him. And B.C. was flying my mom into many of our games the first couple seasons. . . . Things like that. . . . If someone asked me to put a figure on what I got from B.C. and the rest of the alumni over my career at Clemson [1973-74 to 1976-77], I guess the sum totaled about \$60,000. I'd say that figure is very close, 'cause I was gettin' about \$14,000 a year. That's counting the money paid for my Monte Carlo, the clothing allowances, gas money and pocket money."

continued

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Asked after a recent NBA game if his statements in Locke's book were accurate, Rollins declared, "Everything I said is true." He offered further explanation for his own actions: "You see, I knew whatever college team signed me was going to get investigated. And I didn't go to the highest bidder, either. But if you ask if what I did was morally right, well, when you come from a poor background, you just have to take the money. I looked at basketball as a job. They were making money off me at Clemson. My mother was supporting four kids at home and we needed the money. Here in the pros everybody talks about what they got in college; they just don't tell the press."

Inabnet denies Rollins' charges, saying the only things he can recall doing for Rollins were offering his relatives jobs in one of Inabnet's plants and finding Rollins a tailor at Clemson. As for the money, Inabnet says, "I gave Locke cash and I didn't ask what he did with it, and where he went in my plane, I don't know, because I didn't ask. I was stupid enough to think that bastard was doing a

good job. Tate Locke is a notorious liar. He is really sad, a tragedy. He betrayed a great institution."

There is no question that Locke's life became a tragedy. He built a winner at Clemson—his last two teams went 14-12 and 17-11—but at great cost. His pill-popping, drinking and womanizing had devastating consequences for himself and his family. In *Caught in the Net*, Nancy Locke says that she began taking sleeping pills and was hospitalized for 10 days in January of 1975, the middle of Tate's last season, because of "unrelenting anxiety." Locke himself was in little better shape. Paranoid from the amphetamines, yet 40 pounds overweight from nervous eating and a surfeit of beer and Scotch, he was, in his own words, "a raving madman," prone to violent swings in emotion.

He used to terrorize his players at practice. If a fight broke out, he cleared the floor and let the combatants go until they dropped. He chastised them so relentlessly that sometimes he would retreat to his office and sit with his head in

his hands and wonder what was coming over him. "I don't remember a lot of things from those days," says Locke. "I was almost delirious then." While on a friend's houseboat, Locke tried to strangle Assistant Coach Charlie Harrison. "Tate was having a nightmare," recalls Harrison, now an assistant at Iowa State. "But it scared me good."

On another occasion Locke scared himself. He recalls once walking the streets of Clemson until dawn, considering stepping out in front of cars. "I was petrified," he says. "I didn't know where I was." By the time he left Clemson, he claims he had quit everything—pills, booze, cheating—and had begun to run. He ran constantly, pushing his fat body to its limits. He didn't like running; he hated it. But the motion soothed him and the pain cleansed him. "I ran to punish myself," he says.

Locke went to the pros after Clemson, an experience he'd just as soon forget. Nor was he much happier at Jacksonville. Locke didn't cheat there, but he created controversy in other ways. He

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was too critical of the players in the press. He kept demanding improved facilities and a larger budget and he dated an undergraduate student while he and Nancy were separated. When he joined a team in a three-on-three league he was thrown out for fighting once again. The school ultimately demanded his resignation—"not because he wasn't coaching well," says Jacksonville Journal sports-writer Tom Cornelison, "but because his mouth overloaded his ass."

David Berst, the director of the NCAA's enforcement program, claims, "About 15% of the schools are cheating, and 85% are not." Of course, there are NCAA critics who claim there are as many schools out there cheating as the NCAA cares to investigate, or admits knowing about. Berst denies this, preferring to focus on the reason coaches cheat in the first place. "Cheating points at insecurity, a feeling that there's no other way to get ahead," he says. "Tates knowingly violated the rules. It's unfortunate he thought he had no alternative."

Even so, some people remain sympathetic toward Locke. Bo Hawkins, who chose Tates's first name for his son's middle name, says, "Somebody had to take the fall, and he was the man."

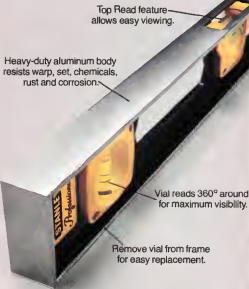
Locke, however, is beginning to see himself less and less as a scapegoat. "Bobby told me if I didn't want to cheat, I wouldn't have," he says. "I've thought about that, and he's right."

And now, at the Landmark Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas, Locke watches as Tarkman, his assistants and a couple of visiting coaches celebrate a victory over Long Beach State. As always, Tates is thrilled "his" team won, but the high-roller party scene is still a bit hard for him to take. "In this town you have to be a winner," he says. "It doesn't matter if you're a good person. Being a good person doesn't even come fifth on the list."

The coaches drink and laugh and josh each other, and around them are the sounds of money in transit. But after a couple of beers and a few quarters in the poker machine Locke gets up to leave. "I love being around coaches," he says. "But after a point, I don't know...."

The part-time coach is separated from a lot of things he loves these days. The pain shows in his eyes and in the way he seeks solitude at times like this. When he is alone he can ponder his future and wonder about his past. And when he has the time, which is often, he runs. **END**

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by Jack McCallum

As Sugar Ray Leonard rides his magical carousel, grabbing every brass ring and transmuting it to gold, Thomas Hearns rides a teeter-totter. Right now he's up, suspended momentarily as a middleweight, but he wants to come down to the welterweights so he can ride with Leonard once again. Boxing for the



Punching and praying

Thomas Hearns stalks a rematch with Sugar Ray Leonard

second time as a middleweight, Hearns knocked out Mexico's Marcos Geraldo in 1:48 of the first round Saturday afternoon at the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas. Geraldo has now been the victim of first-round knockouts seven times in 65 bouts over 12 years, and he has the distinction of performing a sort of hat trick of losses to Hearns, Leonard and middleweight champ Marvin Hagler.

Hearns tested Geraldo with tentative left jabs early and then went after him in earnest with two right hands, followed by a short left, which sent Geraldo to the canvas. Geraldo had extended both Leonard (May 20, 1979) and Hagler (May 17, 1980) before losing 10-round decisions, and now he tried to get up, but he sank back to his knees, ending Hearns's and Manager-Trainer Emanuel Steward's hopes for a fruitful middleweight test.

It was a Hearns show all the way within the ring, yet beyond the ropes was Leonard, as a commentator for CBS. How appropriate.

Leonard and his people have said they're not eager for a rematch with Hearns. Leonard could earn a million dollars for shadowboxing with Beverly Sills, so why should he risk another war like the one that ended with his unifying the welterweight championship with a 14th-round TKO of Hearns at Caesars

Palace last September?

Sugar Ray says his agreeing to a rematch depends on Hearns's retraction of his statement that he could've continued past the 14th round in their first fight. Leonard seems genuinely angry about Hearns's assertion, and he reminded Hearns after the Geraldo fight that even Steward conceded that Hearns was through in the 14th. "Tommy won't retract the statement because he honestly believes he could've gone on," Steward said. "It's not unusual. Here was a boxer who had never been stopped before. He doesn't know what it means to say he can't go on."

Leonard said repeatedly on Saturday that Leonard-Hearns II is just a concession speech away, but at least for now Hearns's fierce pride seems to preclude any kind of backing down. Which leaves Hearns on his teeter-totter. His first fight after the loss to Leonard was a 10-round decision over Eric Singletary, a middleweight, last Dec. 11. The Geraldo fight was the second act in a scenario in which Hearns would beat enough middleweights to earn a title shot against Hagler, beat Hagler, then use that crown as leverage to force a rematch with Leonard. Steward says Hearns and

Hearns needed just 1:48 to knock out the hapless Geraldo.

Hagler could meet as early as May or June following one more tune-up fight.

Hearns argues that his journey into the 160-pound class isn't only a means of getting back to Leonard. "Besides Ray, who else is there for me to fight down there?" says Hearns. "We'd probably be doing the same thing regardless of Ray," says Steward. "Look, Leonard and Hearns destroyed everything down there [in the 147-pound-limit welterweight division]."

While Leonard is content fighting anyone who can make that weight limit (e.g., Bruce Finch, Roger Stafford), Hearns isn't. He was when he was the most punishing welterweight in the world with 32 straight wins, including 30 by knockout, but he certainly isn't six months after Leonard stopped him in Las Vegas.

In the meantime Hearns has been concerned about how fast the loser of a bout can be forgotten. "It did seem a little quick for people to be asking,

"Where's Thomas Hearns?" he said the day before the Geraldo fight. "But it really didn't surprise me. People don't want to look at losers. People look at winners."

Hearns's new path isn't without precedent: Sugar Ray Robinson, Carmen Basilio and Emile Griffith, all natural welterweights, won middleweight titles, to cite the most recent examples. Hearns has the speed to confuse most middleweights, and, though he couldn't take out Leonard, he's as powerful a puncher as any 147-pounder who has reded moving up to the 160-pound class. Hearns's inverted pyramid physique is most impressive at the shoulders, which belong on a linebacker, and the biceps, which, at 15 inches, belong on a light heavyweight. He has the body-fat content of a hummingbird.

But the road isn't without peril, either. First, Hearns has real trouble putting on weight. Leonard was visibly surprised when the 6' 1" Hearns weighed in at just 145 for their bout, one pound lighter than the much shorter Leonard. Steward has been criticized in the past for steaming too much weight off fighters in his hotbox Detroit gym, but he swears that's not the case with Hearns. But even as Hearns feasted on steaks and two or three milk shakes a day before the Geraldo fight—"Training has been real nice this time," he said—he only made it to 153½, which he admits may be his limit. Would that be enough against a puncher like Hagler, who might enter the ring as heavy as 165?

Another danger seems to be Hearns's serving two masters, as objectionable as that terminology would be to Hearns. Could he really concentrate on a Hagler fight and put thoughts of Leonard to one side? "Leonard avoided him for a long time," says Steward, "so Tommy knows how to wait. He can put Leonard out of his mind." Perhaps so. But Leonard is the primary reason Hearns has gotten on his looter-totter, and there's no guarantee that he'll be waiting with open arms for Hearns even if Tommy comes back down as a champion.

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by Barry McDermott

The Callandrillos family of North Bergen, N.J. is somewhat unusual. Danny is the youngest of 13 children, 11 of whom are still living. They are scattered all over the country and range in age from 21 to 60. A 6' 2" senior guard at Seton Hall University and the nation's fourth leading scorer, Danny has a heart-breaker's sizzling looks and a game-breaker's jump shot. His father, Michael, is an 84-year-old deaf-mute. When Danny shoots, Iron Mike blewes himself, Danny and the hall. Danny's mother, Rita, only 70, is the family playmaker, setting up everyone for the good punch lines.

The Callandrillos live in a community that Danny describes as "real Italian, not rich Italian." In backyards, his neighbors occasionally put up a little wine, and everybody has a "Jersey" accent. These days the talk around the neighborhood concerns Danny, who wrapped up the regular season last week with a 26.0-points-a-game average. Danny might be named the Big East's Player of the Year. On sentiment alone, he could get more votes than Georgetown's Pat Ewing or Sleepy Floyd, or John Bagley of Boston College.

Playing on a club that lost three key players to academic ineligibility at midseason, Callandrillos has been the only thing between Seton Hall and complete embarrassment. He beat three teams—Houston, Princeton and Providence—with shots at or near the buzzer and made two free throws at the end of another game to sink Connecticut. He made possible a 71-58 win over Notre Dame by outscoring Irish star John Paxson 28-6. Back in January, Danny was late for a home game against Georgetown because a blizzard had made the roads almost impossible. The campus radio station began broadcasting a plea, "Danny, where are you?" He arrived with a police escort just before the tip-off, ran onto the court and scored 23

Danny is just one of the boys

Seton Hall's Danny Callandrillos is a high scorer who's low key



Danny's 84-year-old old man had 12 other kids.

against the conference powerhouse. Seton Hall lost by two points, 62-60, running a great story.

Back in North Bergen, the Callandrillos' modest home is stuffed with bric-a-brac. The top of the TV set in the living room is covered with Danny's trophies and photos of the younger kids. The walls are hung with decorative plates, mementos from every trip a family member ever made.

One of the photos on the TV is of Paul Land, an older brother of Danny's who worked in construction before his good looks landed him a job as a model. That,

in turn, led to a starring role in *The Idol-maker*, a movie about a nondescript Italian kid who becomes a '50s rock 'n' roll star. Danny and Paul are close. Danny tells people his father was an engineer before he retired, but really he made his living with his hands, working on projects for the WPA and later for the Ford Motor Company, loading and unloading trucks. Now he wants everyone to drive

Fords because of his years there. Consequently, when Paul hit a big in Hollywood and bought a foreign sports car, everybody had to tell Michael it was a Ford.

Rita is just as spunky as her husband. She makes friendly bets on Seton Hall games with the local druggist. Danny got mad at her this year when she barged into the locker room seeking an autograph for a young child, oblivious to the players making fast breaks for towels. "Ma!" yelled Danny. "Get outta here."

On a recent afternoon in the Callandrillos dining room Rita was enjoying coffee with several family members and a visitor from South Carolina. "All the way from South America," said Rita, while at the head of the table Iron Mike was bent over, writing earnestly. Each morning he is up at 5:30, puttering around in the kitchen. Every 10 minutes or so he looks in on Danny. "He loves Danny," says Rita. "He says he never wants him to leave."

The family communicates with Michael by sign language, but for visitors, he brings out a note pad. On this occasion he had been regaling everyone with witty asides. The old man held up a note, "Loquacious" was scrawled on the paper, Michael pointed at himself.

"It's the oatmeal," said Irene, Danny's 25-year-old sister, explaining her father's energy. "He eats it every morning."

"Now," said Danny's 60-year-old brother, John, Michael's son by a previous marriage. "He's rejuvenated because of Danny and Paulie. They brought him back to life."

Sitting at the table, the grizzled old man obviously was enjoying himself. People are surprised at his firm handshake and spirit. He doesn't seem hand-capped, but when he was 14, an attack of spinal meningitis left him without speech or hearing. He held up another note. "When I was little," it said, "I was just like Danny."

It was Danny's admiration for his father that prompted him to enroll at Seton Hall in nearby South Orange. Michael was thrilled. Many of the school's students are the kids of working stiffs, and Danny and his father liked the coach at the time, Bill Rafferty, an Irishman Michael called "Comed Beef and Cabbage." Best of all, Seton Hall is a Catholic school, and thus as good as a Ford.

Seton Hall doesn't have a high-powered program. The team plays in an antiquated gym (capacity 3,200) built in 1939. The school sold 725 season tickets this year, and the student radio station is the only one broadcasting games on a regular basis. But Danny never complains. Says teammate Kevin Boyle, "He doesn't act like a star, except on the court." Last Wednesday night, after he scored 22 points in an 82-65 loss at St. John's, the team bus dropped him alongside the highway. Danny waited awhile for a neighborhood bus, then he walked the two miles to his house.

Around the campus this kind of behavior encourages everyone to treat Callandrillo as if he were part of the family instead of a two-time Big East scoring champion. Seton Hall's third leading point producer and one of the best-looking guys in the history of the school. Sorry, Rick Cerone. Recently Danny was kidding acting Coach Hodgey Mahon that he was going to join the long list of applicants for the vacant Seton Hall job. "If they hire him," said Mahon, "I'll be his assistant." Says Rafferty, who left in November to go into banking and television work, "He came in here as a street kid, sort of a Fonzie without the grease. Now everybody loves him."

Every day, usually in the evenings after practice, Danny spends two hours shooting in a gym near his home. During the summer he works out twice a day. His dream is to make it in the pros. "Give me \$30,000 a year and I'll pass off every time," he says. "I'd play in the NBA for new sneakers and a meal."

Last Saturday night Seton Hall said goodbye to Danny and his family at the team's final regular-season game, a matchup with Boston College. The old gym was jammed, for it was a night on which the outcome—a 92-74 loss that dropped the team's record to 11-15—meant less than the farewell. Callandrillo was honored before and after the game, and at halftime, too. The band played *Danny Boy*. His parents were given another plate to put on the wall. They sat at court-side, surrounded by what seemed a regiment of relatives. Michael kept giving his benediction to Danny's shots.

His boy scored 36 points, made four steals and once even blocked the jump shot of BC's 6'9" center Jay Murphy. At the game's end, Danny was applauded so he could be given an ovation. Sitting down, he could look across at his father and the rest of his relatives. Earlier, his parents had been introduced and Michael Callandrillo had raised his arms as the fans cheered. Later, Danny was asked what he was thinking as the clock ticked down. He answered, speaking of the Seton Hall fans as well as his kin, "It was the last time the family would all be together."

THE WEEK

(Feb. 22-28)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST Coach Dick Versace's "sixth sense" and some superb foul shooting gave Bradley an 82-79 triumph over Tulsa—and the MVC title. Versace, playing a hunch that Vince Winters would snap out of the shooting slump that had kept him out of the starting lineup since Feb. 1, started the freshman forward Winters, who led the nation's high-schoolers last season with a 40.3-point scoring average for Gage Park in Chicago, got hot, perking up the Braves with 18 points. Bradley finished off the second-place Golden Hurricane by converting nine of 11 free throws in overtime. It was the last game ever at one of the game's legendary snake pits—Robertson Memorial Field House, the Braves' home court since it was built in 1949 by putting together two World War II airplane hangars. Tulsa won its other two games, 85-67 over Southern Illinois and 80-61 over Southeastern Illinois. The Mountaineers had begun the week by defeating Pitt 82-77 behind Greg Jones's 22 points.

Precisey had 19 points, seven assists and a school-record eight steals.

Kansas State, too, had a versatile performer—Forward Ed Nealy, who got 17 points, 10 rebounds, three assists and two steals and sank a pair of foul shots with five seconds left as the Wildcats won 59-58 at Missouri.

Memphis State was pestered into 21 turn-overs by Louisville's zone press and wound up losing 65-61 despite Keith Lee's 20 points and 10 rebounds. But the Tigers then beat Tulane 66-62 and St. Louis 94-72 to clinch first place in the Metro race. Lee had 17 points in each game and, against the Billikens, added 15 rebounds and five blocks.

"Their defense was their offense," Texas Tech Coach Gerald Myers said after a 67-61 loss at Arkansas. "Their pressure on our guards took us out of our offense and gave them so many points on breakaways." That win, plus a 54-53 nail-biter at SMU, gave the Razorbacks their fifth SWC title in six years. Runner-up Houston won 75-69 at Rice and outlasted Texas A&M 96-93.

EAST Maryland took Virginia to overtime for the second time this season when Herman Veal's bounce-around-the-rim shot from near the key fell through the net at the buzzer to tie the score 44-44. This time, however, the final outcome was happier for the Terrapins. Despite his heroics, Veal wasn't the meat of Maryland's attack. It was Admin Branch who bolstered the offense the most, scoring 29 points, including a foul-line jumper with one second left in the extra period that beat the Cavaliers 47-46. Ralph Sampson, who was guarded by Veal and Mark Foltzgriff, had only eight points and five rebounds as Virginia's victory streak was ended at 15 games. Earlier, Sampson had carried the Cavs past Wake Forest 84-66 with 22 points and 20 rebounds. The Deacons, with the aid of Jim Johnstone's three-point play with 45 seconds to go, then won 50-46 at North Carolina State.

With James Worley scoring 20 points in each game, North Carolina knocked off Georgia Tech 77-54 and Duke 84-66. That enabled the Tar Heels to finish the regular season tied with Virginia for the ACC title.

In a week filled with upsets—12 of SF's Top 20 lost—West Virginia had its 23-game winning streak broken at Rutgers 74-64 as Kevin Black tossed in 18 points for the Scarlet Knights. The Mountaineers had begun the week by defeating Pitt 82-77 behind Greg Jones's 22 points.

Its January jitters forgotten, Georgetown again won impressively. The Hoyas avenged January losses to Providence and Connecticut by beating both 60-42. Pat Ewing of Georgetown had 22 points against the Friars and nine blocked shots in the two games, giving him a total of 105 for the season. Villanova

continued

nova, however, locked up first place in the Big East by stopping Connecticut 67-63 in overtime and then winning 54-53 at Providence. Cutting it close wasn't new for the Wildcats, who this season have won six times by three points or fewer.

DePaul also won another squeaker, 75-74 at Furman, after trailing by 12 late in the first half. That was the third one-point win—and the fifth by five or fewer—for the Blue Demons in their past eight games.

Three victories kept Penn atop the Ivy League. The Quakers beat Princeton 46-43, Dartmouth 65-56 and Harvard 72-59 to move one game ahead of Columbia, which beat Brown 67-65 and Yale 64-57.

MIDEAST Before Kentucky's game at Louisiana State, a man dressed as the Tigers' mascot emerged from an opening in the ceiling above the court and climbed down a rope to the floor. After that performer—a state policeman trained to make rescues from tall buildings—shucked his tiger suit, LSU climbed all over the Wildcats. In slightly less than six minutes, the Tigers scored 21 straight points to zip in front 41-23 before the half. In the second half the Tigers finally came down from their

SI TOP 20

1. DePAUL (26-1)	2*
2. VIRGINIA (27-2)	1
3. N. CAROLINA (24-2)	3
4. OREGON STATE (22-3)	4
5. MISSOURI (23-3)	5
6. MINNESOTA (20-5)	9
7. TULSA (21-5)	6
8. IOWA (20-5)	7
9. IDAHO (24-2)	10
10. KENTUCKY (20-6)	8
11. FRESNO STATE (24-2)	12
12. GEORGETOWN (23-6)	14
13. MEMPHIS STATE (20-4)	11
14. WEST VIRGINIA (24-2)	13
15. ARKANSAS (21-5)	17
16. UCLA (19-6)	16
17. KANSAS STATE (20-6)	—
18. HOUSTON (22-6)	—
19. WAKE FOREST (19-7)	18
20. VILLANOVA (20-6)	—

* Last week

high; they led by 30 before cooling off to win 94-78 behind Howard Carter's 29 points. Three days earlier, Kentucky had made up

for a January loss at Mississippi State by controlling the tempo, forcing the Bulldogs into 11 first-half turnovers and winning 71-54.

It was all part of a week in which the three top teams in the SEC each lost at least once. When the conference chase was over, Tennessee and Kentucky were tied for first, one game ahead of Alabama. The Tide, which beat Auburn 74-72, missed a chance to make it a three-way tie when it lost 80-63 at Vanderbilt. Willie (Hutch) Jones of the Commodores did in Bama by ramming home eight dunks and scoring 37 points. Tennessee, alone at the top at the week's start, was joined at home by Georgia 64-63 and then at Auburn 56-54. Dominique Wilkins' tip-in with eight seconds to go gave the Bulldogs their victory. Then, in a game delayed three and a half hours because officials weren't aware of a change in the starting time, Auburn pulled off its surprise. The finishing touch on that one was supplied by Alvin Mumford, who sank two free throws one second before the final buzzer.

Mississippi and Iowa were deadlocked for the Big Ten lead (page 20), but the suspense was over in the Sun Belt and Mid-American conferences. Alabama-Birmingham, the regular-season winner in the Sun Belt, took the

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conference tournament by beating South Florida 66-56 and Virginia Commonwealth 94-83. Last season, Ball State shared the MAC title with four other teams. This year, the Cardinals won it outright, clinching first place by defeating Bowling Green 71-58 as John Williams scored 21 points.

DePaul Coach Ray Meyer spoke of "the perfect blend of the team" following Sunday's 81-69 triumph at Notre Dame. Terry Cummings, the man that in the Blue Demons' 21st straight victory, had 28 points and 14 rebounds.

WEST "We expected to have the advantage because they had just played two overtimes in beating Santa Clara, a very physical team. We thought they'd tire." That was the opinion of San Francisco Coach Peter Barry last Saturday after losing at home 106-100 to Pepperdine, which got much of its pep from guards Boot Bond (26 points) and Dane Suttle (24) and Forward Orlando Phillips (23). Not only did the Waves not wash out, they rallied with 61 points in the second half, from a 63-53 deficit, to clinch the WCAC championship. They also overcame Quinn Dailey's 42 points. Dailey had pleaded not guilty when straggled Friday

on five felony counts.) At Santa Clara on Friday, jumpers by Bond and Suttle sent the game into overtime. Suttle's late corner shot forced a second extra period. And then four points by Suttle and a bucket by Bill Sadler with three seconds remaining brought the tireless Waves from behind one last time for a 76-74 win.

Oregon State, which never tires of playing tenacious defense, sewed up its third straight Pac-10 title by defeating UCLA 72-58 and Southern Cal 45-36. A 26-point effort by Forward Danny Evans—only the fourth time in 15 conference games that a Beaver had scored more than 20—helped end the Bruins' 12-game winning streak. So did 18 points, seven assists, six rebounds and four steals by Guard Lester Conner. USC led 26-21 at half-time but then scored just 10 second-half points against an Oregon State defense that at one point held the Trojans scoreless for 11:08, forcing five consecutive turnovers. UCLA came back to swamp Oregon 38-66, getting 35 points from Rod Foster.

Like Oregon State, Fresno State relied on its hounding defense to earn a second straight PCAA championship. The Bulldogs provoked 30 turnovers while winning 51-43 at Pacific and 73-61 at Utah State. Guard Don-

ald Mason did the Aggies in by making 10 of 12 field-goal tries from the 17-to-20-foot range and scoring 22 points.

A Boise State fan made off with the helmet worn by Idaho's mascot, "Joe Vandal," a student decked out like a Viking. Joe got his headgear back after the thief was tackled by State's assistant athletic director, Gene Bleyrue, a starting tight end for UCLA in the mid-70s. On the court, though, the Broncos couldn't bring down the Vandals, who got 20

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

WILLIE JONES: The 6' 8" senior center led Vanderbilt past Alabama 80-63 with his 15-for-19 shooting, 37 points and 14 rebounds. Earlier, in an 81-67 win over Florida, he came through with 32 points.

points and 12 rebounds from Gordie Herbert as they came out ahead 83-77.

Wyoming notched its 20th win by beating Colorado State 63-57. Biola University was even more impressive, running its record to 34-0 by downing UC-San Diego 51-43 and Westminster 54-50 in the NAIA District III playoffs.

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HORSE RACING

by William Leggett



Distinctive Pro took an early lead in the Flamingo Prep and held it to win by 4½ lengths.

A blow by an unknown Pro

Three top Derby colts got crushed by Distinctive Pro at troubled Hialeah

Only eight weeks remain until the Kentucky Derby, and what we now have on our hands, folks, is a mess. If you think you can name the Derby favorite, there's a backstretch expression that covers that: "You ain't wrapped too tight." Last week at Hialeah three of the four top 2-year-olds of 1981, Deputy Minister, Timely Writer and D'Accord, all ran in the same race—nobody could remember such a thing occurring in a race leading up to the Derby—and what happened was amazing. None of them won. In fact, Deputy Minister, believed by some to be the best of the lot, finished dead last in the field of nine. The seven-furlong race was a new \$25,000 event called the Flamingo Prep. A lightly raced colt named Distinctive Pro won the Prep just as he pleased, by 4½ lengths.

Obviously, a race called the Flamingo Prep should tell you something about

this Saturday's \$250,000 Flamingo, the first event before the spring classics to be carried on national television (ABC-TV). But guess who won't be in the Flamingo. Distinctive Pro. And, at best, perhaps only one of that highly touted trio will start. Still, a herd of horses will run in the Flamingo. How good they are only time and 1½ miles will tell. What the race should do, however, is further muddle the 3-year-old picture. Should you have a 3-year-old in your backyard, this is indeed the year to think about running in the Kentucky Derby. Look your horse over carefully. If it has a leg on each of its four corners, ship it to Louisville. This week word came from Kentucky that 387 horses (from Accoustical to Yrrahst) have been nominated to the 1982 Derby.

Those who observed the 2-year-old situation in the East last year often found themselves slapping their knees in laugh-

ter. At Aqueduct, Belmont and Saratoga, 14 major 2-year-old stakes were run, and they produced 13 different winners. Unheard-of. Timely Writer and Deputy Minister were judged to be the best of the crop in The Experimental, a rating of the top 2-year-olds. But while Deputy Minister came in last in the Flamingo Prep, Timely Writer finished sixth.

A few weeks ago, Robert Brennan, the 37-year-old owner of the Due Process Stable, reportedly paid \$6 million for a half interest in Deputy Minister. At that time the colt had won eight of nine races and was so highly thought of in Canada that he was made the even-money winter-book favorite for that nation's most important race, The Queen's Plate. Since Brennan put up his reported \$6 million, Deputy Minister has run twice: He was fifth in his first start and then ninth in the Flamingo Prep. Racing, of course, is a gambling game.

Witness J.E. Jumonville Sr., who jumped into the game with both feet only last Friday afternoon. Jumonville, a former Louisiana state senator who lives in Ventress, La., became fascinated by a horse named Real Dare. So fascinated, in fact, that he bought it last Friday for a Louisiana-record \$750,000. Real Dare had won five of its six most recent races by 13, 5, 10, 9 and 13 lengths. "I've always wanted a horse I could run in the Kentucky Derby," says Jumonville, "and I believe I bought him for less than he's worth." The next afternoon Real Dare ran in the \$100,000 HITS Parade Invitational Derby at the Fair Grounds and won by 13 lengths. Real Dare earned \$60,000, but Jumonville has \$690,000 to go to get his investment back. He won't get it in the breeding shed. Real Dare is a gelding. The Kentucky Derby does strange things to people.

Nobody knows that better than the man who runs Hialeah, whose own future is as cloudy as the 3-year-old scene. And that's a shame. Hialeah is one of the world's great racetracks and a place of surpassing beauty. Longtime racing fans agree that the old place with the flamin-

continued

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gos in the infield has never looked better than it does now, and those who train and own horses still feel that Hialeah is one of the best, and safest, tracks to school their charges. Yet once again Hialeah's "numbers" are disappointing. Last Saturday was Widener Day and 24,615 folks showed up, the biggest crowd to attend since Flamingo Day in 1975. But it was also tote-bag day and every paying customer was given a spiffy pink carryall. Overall attendance, however, is only so-so this year, and the betting handle has been disappointing.

Hialeah vies for racing dollars and dates with two other tracks, Gulfstream and Calder. Hialeah is the best known and the oldest, having opened in 1925, but not the most blessed. The racing wheel spins year-round in south Florida, and the racing dates are divided into three parts and parceled out to the tracks. Prime time means the "middle dates," from mid-January to the first or second week in March. That's when tourists arrive in Florida with money to bet. It's also the time when the best horses have come to Miami from New York, New Jersey, Kentucky and Illinois.

Once Hialeah had the middle dates exclusively, and it prospered: In 1956 the track averaged 20,825 customers a day for 40 days and 42,366 were on hand on Widener Day. But in recent years crowds of 20,000 have been rare, partly because in 1972 the Florida Supreme Court decreed that Gulfstream, in Hialeah, could have the middle dates in alternate years.

Gulfstream is in an area in which the population is growing daily; Hialeah is in a depressed area with a high crime rate. In the 10 years during which Gulfstream and Hialeah have alternated the middle dates, Gulfstream has handled \$51.5 million more than Hialeah and drawn 230,058 more fans. To the state, it's the bottom line that counts, because Florida gets big bucks from the racetracks without doing much in return. Gulfstream is proud to point out that since 1972 it has put \$4.3 million more than Hialeah into the state coffers.

Next year the middle dates swing back to Gulfstream, and Hialeah gets the so-called spring dates. In 1981, when Hialeah was open from March 7 to May 28, the meeting was dismal. The old grandstand and clubhouse aren't air-conditioned, and it can become quite uncomfortable. Last spring Hialeah's stubborn



In front of the famous flamingo fountain, Brunetti dreams and schemes for Hialeah.

owner, John Brunetti, elected to run until the end of May—and almost nobody showed up. On the next-to-last day of the meeting, only 3,946 people attended and bet just \$380,728. It was such a disaster that Brunetti, while assuring Luther Evans of *The Miami Herald* that Hialeah would remain open, said, "Through thick and thin, through rain and fog, through iceberg and hurricane, the *Titanic* will sail on."

Brunetti is one of the most controversial figures in racing. Five years ago he bought Hialeah when it was on the point of closing down. At the time he said it was his boyhood dream to own the track, and that if Florida lost Hialeah the racing industry would lose honor and prestige. He was first hailed as a savior, especially after he agreed to cooperate with Gulfstream on the middle dates. But not long afterward, Brunetti tried to get the middle dates back exclusively for Hialeah. Last week he asked the state legislature to give him from Dec. 1 to Feb. 24, 1983. That would have usurped Calder's traditional end-of-year dates. Brunetti's bill was defeated in the state senate 23-14, and that was the end of that.

Brunetti has tried everything to keep his dream alive, and even those who dislike him admire his gumption. For this meeting he came up with a gimmick called Tel-A-Bet; fans who put up a de-

posit of \$100 can phone their bets in to Hialeah. The hope is that phone betting will up the mutual handle considerably, but the best day so far has seen only \$20,725 in such wagers.

"I had thought Tel-A-Bet would bring in between \$30,000 and \$50,000 a day," says Brunetti, "but the restrictions in the state are too severe. For example, you can't give out the result of a race—other than a stakes—until 30 minutes after it's over." That of course is kind of discouraging to bettors.

Is Brunetti now tired of fighting the good fight? "Absolutely not," he says. "I'm encouraged. I'm going to stick it out no matter how long it takes. If they get John Brunetti out of here, it'll be feet first. To my way of thinking, I can do the best job if I get the middle dates."

As Brunetti battles, a war of words goes on. There is even talk that Hialeah should be condemned and taken over by the state and operated as a "Saratoga of the South," with just 18 to 21 days of racing as opposed to its present 50.

Unfortunately, Hialeah's fate will probably be decided by people who have never seen its bougainvillea or flamingos. The capital-F Flamingo marks the end of Hialeah's 1982 season, and if the outcome is as confounding as that of the races that preceded it, well, it's been that kind of year.



Thunder



Every winter huge swells roll across the Pacific to Oahu to create the Banzai Pipeline—magnificent tunnels of roaring water that are surfing's greatest challenge *by Sam Moses*

From The Sea

 CONDÉ NAST

Banzai Pipeline

continued

I tried surf bathing once, subsequently, but made a failure of it. I got the board placed right, and at the right moment, too; but missed the connection myself. The board struck the shore in three-quarters of a second, without any cargo, and I struck the bottom about the same time, with a couple of barrels of water in me.

—MARK TWAIN

Roughing It

They call the North Shore of Oahu "country." Lush dairy farms abut the ocean, and the smells of manure and sugarcane rise from the furrowed fields along the narrow Kum Highway. The North Shore catches the northeast trade winds, which blow in from North America to sway coconut palm fronds and erase footprints on the beach at night, leaving fresh windrows in the sand by morning. In the dark, the whoosh of the trades can be mistaken for the sound of the breaking surf, which rumbles like a distant train. It's the rumble that reminds one: More than country moods, more than warm winds, the North Shore is big waves.

The North Shore lures surfers the way Hollywood lures actresses, their heads full of dreams of glory. The surfers get off the plane in Honolulu in December and, with their boards under their arms, head for the North Shore. There they rent beach houses along the 12 miles from Kawela to Haleiwa, less for the pleasures of oceanfront living than for the utility of it: To check the surf each morning, all they have to do is raise the bamboo blinds. They don't need cars, are indifferent to phones and avoid shoes. They

take only night jobs or those with employers who accept the Six-foot Rule: When the surf hits six feet, the employee hits the surf. They may do it at Sunset Beach, with its classic waves; Waimea Bay, with its towering surf; Rocky Point, Vetzlyand; Off-the-Wall; Pupuken; Gas Chambers; or others. For more than 20 years, North Shore winters have been a rite of surfing. The surfers keep coming back, year after year, in search of the perfect wave. If it exists, it will break somewhere on the North Shore.

Some surfers believe they've already found the perfect wave. They call it the Banzai Pipeline—Banzai for the attitude one must adopt to surf it, and Pipeline for the long, hollow tubes it forms as it breaks. People line the beach just to watch the Pipeline roll in, and they stay until sunset, because it's difficult to turn away. One starts to go but then looks back for just one more wave. On a good

day eight- and 10-foot tubes tumble in, hour after hour. The Pipeline's waves erupt just 75 yards from shore, with manes of spindrift that become miniature rainbows and make the surf seem to sizzle like a good fire. On a spectacular day the waves are twice that high and may peel off for 100 yards or more, the disintegration of the curl causing the formation down the coast. And if a wave "closes out," or collapses, it looks and sounds like an avalanche.

Other waves around the world form tubes—Uluwatu, near Bali, has cleaner curls than the Pipeline does—and waves come bigger. The surf at Sunset—and Waimea and Haleiwa and Kaena, all on the North Shore—is often bigger than at the Pipeline. But no place else has the Pipeline's combination of form and size, and no other wave matches the Pipeline's power in winter. There isn't a significant piece of land in the 2,000 miles





first into the sand. The surfers quietly study the waves—how they break, the time interval between them, the frequency of the sets, the onshore and offshore currents, the riptides, the configuration of the coast that day. And because the currents are so strong at the Pipeline, even getting out to the lineup, the area where the swells begin to curl and the surfers straddle their boards as they wait for rides, can be difficult. There's no channel, so the surfer must wait for a lull between sets to paddle to the lineup. If the lull isn't quite calm enough or it doesn't last, white water will hit the surfer head on and steal his board from under him. Often he must compensate for

Hansel survived this spectacular wipeout to airbrush yet another spectacular surfboard.



between the Aleutians and Oahu, so every North Pacific low-pressure system is felt on the North Shore, which is canted toward that stormy Alaskan archipelago. The tidal wave that killed 159 people on the North Shore in 1946 resulted from an earthquake in the Aleutians.

Because there's no continental shelf around the Hawaiian Islands, ocean swells are untempered as they approach the shore. At the Pipeline, traveling at an open-water speed of 25 mph, they meet a fossilized coral reef a mere 500 yards from land. Oceanographers call this spot the "10-fathom terrace"; it trips the swells, shaping them and causing them to lunge forward until they hit the inside reef, which is only 100 yards offshore and a mere 10 feet below the surface. This second reef curls the swells into the tubes that about 15 seconds later come crashing down—after having provided surfers with the momentum for their

ride. The challenge of riding a board while completely enclosed by the tube is what surfing the Pipeline is all about.

"I've surfed the best waves all over the world,

and there's nothing as awesome as the Pipeline," says Mark Richards of Australia, the champion professional surfer the last three years. "It completely closes over you and you're inside this huge, green barrel. Water is rushing and gurgling over your head and the whole ocean is shaking. All you can see is a little hole of sunlight at the end of the tube, and you just hold your breath and pray it doesn't close before you get there."

Surfers are rarely so reckless as to charge into the tubes without watching them a while—mind surfing, they call it. Early of a Pipeline morning they'll squat on the beach, their boards stuck bow-

the current by paddling out diagonally to the lineup. Once there, he may wait 10, 20 even 30 minutes for the wave he wants or can catch. "Outside!" a surfer cries when a big set approaches, the way whalers used to cry "Thar she blows!" Then he flops on the board and paddles as hard and fast as he can, trying to match the wave's speed so they unite gently, like relay runners making a smooth baton pass. He must be at the lip of the wave at the moment it curls. If he's too late, it will roll past him; too early, it will break on top of him.

A wipeout isn't the same as falling from a diving board into a swimming

continued

Banzai Pipeline

continued



pool. For one thing, because a steep wave sucks the water off the already shallow bottom, the depth in the trough may only be three feet—the Pipeline's greatest danger. For another, the wave will almost certainly come crashing down on the surfer, at a force estimated at 1.4 tons per square foot for a 15-footer. Surfers call the falling lip of a wave the guillotine. It can snap surfboards in two, crack necks, spines and femurs and slam bodies against the coral bottom.

And once a surfer survives the free fall, the guillotine and the coral, then, pinned to the bottom, he faces the scariest part of all: those desperate seconds of black and airless turmoil as the surf thunders over him. Eight or 10 seconds is the longest he'll be held down; it will seem like an eternity. The turbulence scrapes him against the coral, and while his arms protect his head, his torso is churned and whipped, like a rag doll with a fire hose trained on it. After the wave passes, the surfer still isn't home free. When he explodes frantically to the surface, the foam may be too thick for him to get his head into the air. Many are the surfers who have survived the

free fall, the guillotine, the contact and the crush, only to suck in a lungful of foam.

The coral at the Pipeline isn't jagged—9,000 years of swirling sand have rounded the edges—but it has craters and nooks that can snatch at limbs and trap bodies. Surfers have been crammed into holes and shoved underneath ledges by the turbulence, disoriented, they lose track of which way is up. That's the Pipeline at its most terrifying. Thus the expression "planted by the

Though there have been only four documented deaths of Pipeline surfers in the last decade, ghoulish Pipeline stories, many exaggerated, abound. Some are light: the sandbar called Gums, so named after a surfer lost his teeth to it; the legend of the phantom board, found one glassy summer day floating outside the 10-fathom terrace, covered with seaweed, as if its rider had vanished seasons ago. Others are heavy: the 16-year-old whose board washed ashore one night in 1981 and whose mangled body floated ashore two days later; and Shuggy, the popular Peruvian, who went back for one more wave after he had just gotten the best tube of his life. They had to pry his body off the rocks.

Says Steve Pezman, a member of the publishing advisory board of *Surfer* magazine and a Pipeline watcher for 25 years, "The Pipeline has such a presence: it's so intimidating, so ominous, that it's like cheating nature when you survive. It takes some kind of animal drive to surf it. You've got to want it bad—more than anything else in the world. You just grit your teeth and paddle out into it."

continued



A trio of surfing legends: (top) Van Dyke's star still shines at the Pipeline; Edwards (with wife) stars at shaping things; Lopez is starring in a movie.

Pipe" can almost be literal, the churning water displaces tremendous amounts of sand, which may swirl over anything wedged under a ledge, performing a sort of burial at sea. North Shore surfers whisper about strange disappearances at the Pipeline, and imply that the bodies are still down there.



Kings Reg., 100s Men 7 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine; Kings Men 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine; 100s 8 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report December '81.

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Banzai Pipeline

CONTINUED

Fred Van Dyke, 52, an English and swimming teacher, has been surfing big waves for 35 years. He listens to the Pipeline at night. His small house, a sort of A-frame on stilts with a sign on the steps that says **RED SURF STAR'S HOME**, is on the beach. Van Dyke doesn't surf much anymore, but he remembers. "When the big waves come, they're at 15- to 18-second intervals," he says. "Boom! Shakes your house. Boom! Shakes your house. The humidity is usually high, and you sweat; you sweat all night, through two or three pillowcases. Your whole body's wet. You know you've got to get some sleep, but you can't sleep because you hear that pounding, and you know you've got to meet it in the morning. When you get up you look out there and see those huge curls, and you look for excuses: It's too big, it's too windy, it's too choppy. But you know inside that it can be surfed. So you paddle out, and you're committed. You knew you had to do it."

"Once, after a day of surfing with a buddy, we were walking out of the surf and we looked at each other, and he said, 'Wow, this is great.' I said, 'Yeah, this is great. What is it?' He said, 'You know.' And I said, 'Yeah.' It was that we were safe on the beach and had another night to drink beer and go to sleep. That's it. The best part about riding the Pipeline is the end of the day when you're walking up the beach with your board under your arm and you're safe for another day. That's the ultimate thrill. And I'm not the only one that feels that way."

Possibly the best indication of the allure of the Pipeline is that many of its pioneers still live near it; not only Van Dyke, who has the body of a well-muscled teen-ager and plans to live to be 106, but others, all in their 40s and early 50s, like Peter Cole, 51, a computer systems analyst for the federal government in Honolulu. Cole lives on the beach, too. Before wet suits were invented, he and Van Dyke surfed in one-piece long underwear they bought at Goodwill Industries for 25¢. Cole was the one who would look at a monstrous wave and say, "That can be ridden," when everyone else was saying, "No way," and then paddle out and prove it. North Coasters say he can still swim against the rip the way others swim with it.

Many of the young surfers on the

North Shore today have never heard of Van Dyke or Cole or the others, nor have they heard the stories of the high times these men had back in the '50s and early '60s. "We all had old panel trucks with mattresses in them," says Van Dyke. "We'd camp at the Pipeline in the trucks, sort of park them behind a dune, but the surf would come up and wash under the trucks, and sometimes in them. So we'd take the mattresses out and get out mosquito nets and climb up into the trees and build a little platform with two-by-fours. We'd sleep up there, and the surf would come up to the trees. You could feel the surge when it went through, feel the whole tree sway. We used to sit up there and watch the tubes at the Pipeline and say, 'Jeez, maybe in 2,000 years guys will be surfing these waves.' We lived in those trucks and the trees for the whole winter of '57, and no one thought of riding a board there."

It didn't take 2,000 years for someone to ride the Pipeline; it was more like four. His name was Phil Edwards. Raised in Oceanside, Calif., Edwards rode his first wave at 10 in 1948, on a spruce board that weighed 75 pounds, to his 98. He had to roll it down the beach because he couldn't carry it. In high school he slept on his surfboard at night, the way boys sleep with things they love, like dogs and footballs. He went surfing every morning and arrived at school breathless and with wet hair. He was the "kid" among the surfers, because in those days they were guys who looked as if they belonged on Muscle Beach. By the time Edwards was 14, he was the best.

Today, at 43, he still looks like a skinny 14-year-old, though he has the well-defined upper body that surfers get from so many hours paddling after waves. His shorts are droopy; his big toes jut through holes in his white socks; his hair, now silvery, is tousled, as though he has just rushed into homeroom from the beach. He uses words like "neat" and "bitchin'" and "radical," and when he's really stoked, his voice breaks like a kid's.

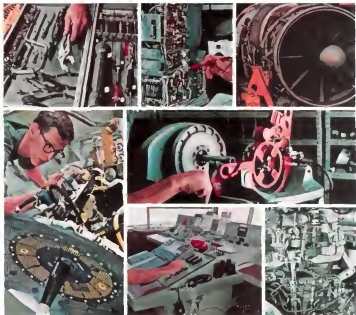
Edwards hasn't surfed regularly in 10 years, but he's still drawn to the ocean. Now he sails catamarans and designs their hulls and foils. "I shape things," he says, describing what he does with an emphasis that gives the impression he would consider it pretentious to call him-

continued

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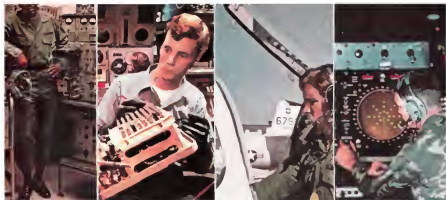
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Banzai Pipeline

continued

self a designer. "I am very good at creating shapes. I see shapes in my mind, and I can make them happen." Indeed, in the '60s he shaped a culture.

"See these hairs right here?" says Allan Seymour, 38, a surfer for 24 years. He rubs a finger lightly over a patch high on his cheekbone. "As soon as I was old enough to shave, I didn't shave here because Phil Edwards didn't."

Edwards was never the boldest on a board, just the most beautiful. When he talks about his Pipeline days and North Shore winters, his eyes grow almost misty, and he taps his heart gently with a fist, as if to say, "This is how special those days are to me."

"I went there for the first time when I was still in high school, at Christmas vacation," he says. "My mommy put me on a plane—this was before jets—and said, 'If you're not back in three weeks I'm coming over to get you.' On my second day there I hitchhiked out to the North Shore. It was fabulous. I went there every winter after that."

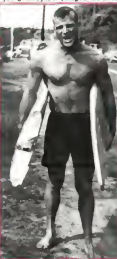
"Hardly anyone surfed the North Shore then, and none of us knew anything about the Pipeline. All we did was mind-surf it. We thought that if you got crushed by one of those tubes you'd die for sure. We didn't know that the bottom was a much worse enemy. Nobody knew. Somebody would say, 'Let's go out there and ride that,' and he'd get, 'Oh, no, no, you'll get killed doing that.'"

"The Pipeline is a geographic anomaly. It's a spectacle of nature. That reef is radical. Those waves haven't seen a thing shallower than a mile deep for 2,000 miles, and they come blasting into that coral wall and the top of the ocean just flops off. The result is a beautiful, beautiful wave. If God designed a wave for surfers, he couldn't do any better than the Pipeline."

Excited now, Edwards jumps up in the opulent house in Capistrano Beach, Calif. where he's house-sitting. He snaps into his surfing stance, gesturing at the modest waves beyond the window, pretending the wall behind him is a wave. He gingerly feels the wall with his fingertips to assure himself it isn't closing out on him. He rearranges his feet on the imaginary board, moving lightly, as if the floor will heave him off if the shift is too sudden. "I may have been the first on the Pipeline, but I was



Twain struck bottom while surfing; the young Van Dyke slept high in the trees.



just a stylist and was sort of hanging on for dear life," he says. "There were a lot better surfers at the Pipeline than me, and most of them were goofy-foots. They'd stand with their right foot forward, like this, which is a big advantage at the Pipeline because the wave breaks to the left. That way they're looking right at the wave and can see what it's doing. A regular-foot like me has to surf with his back to the wave at the Pipeline."

That first ride in 1961 was historic, but not spectacular. The boards were much longer then—about 10 feet compared to the current seven-footers used at the Pipeline—which made turning difficult and getting tubed all but impossible. What Edwards did was make the wave: paddle out, take off down its face, turn in and ride it to the beach. Some surfers suggest Edwards' wasn't even the first ride there; after all, when Captain Cook "discovered" the Hawaiian Islands in 1778 he was greeted by surfing natives on huge teak boards. There are even Polynesian surfers immortalized by petroglyphs in lava rocks near the Pipeline. Who's to say that none of them ever surfed the Pipeline?

Says Edwards, "For 20 years people have been saying to me, 'You weren't the first. Some ancient Hawaiian king probably rode it on a log centuries ago, *mauna-naiwa*.' Well, ——— them, I was the first. I dragged a bunch of guys down there that day. I wanted somebody to hold my hand. I admit it. They all had the chance. They were all tougher guys than me. I don't claim to be a macho man, but I did it and they didn't, so there."

"I had an experience recently that made me realize how much that day is still with me. I walked into this store, and a guy ahead of me just let these double doors slam in my face. He was kind of burly, had a beard, you know—Mr. Tough Guy. I just thought, 'Oh brother, one of those.' Then I thought, 'You're not so tough. I was the first guy to ride the Pipeline.'"

"What I don't understand is that kids surf the Pipeline for fun now. I mean, we thought it was a death-defying deal, and they do it for fun! I'm surprised more people haven't died there. The last time I surfed the Pipeline was 1969. I was glad when I was finally getting too old. I could say, 'I'm not going

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Banzai Pipeline

continued

to risk my life like this anymore.'"

In the late '70s Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans arrived and went crazy at the Pipeline, surfing with an aggressiveness some regulars resented. And with the trepidation barrier broken, the Pipeline was being surfed in droves. Because there isn't room for two surfers on any one pipe, competition for the waves was intense and often unfriendly. Intimidation, both psychological and physical, became a part of surfing the Pipeline.

The toughest and smartest surfer got the waves, the way the biggest pup in a litter gets the bone. In fact, "dog" became the tag for a surfer who stole waves by taking off in front of another. "Idiots were falling out of the sky on top of you," says one surfer, "and it got so if you stole anyone's wave, you'd better be prepared to be worked over." There were even fistfights in the water, the surfers straddling their boards while they duked it out. And there were racial overtones: locals, the euphemism for Polynesian-blooded Hawaiians, versus haoles (pronounced HOWlies, meaning outsiders, or whites, whether Hawaiians or not) versus foreigners. Pipeline feuds contributed to the already sorry North Shore crime rate. The situation saddened the pioneers, who could remember the days when there were enough waves to go around and there still was camaraderie in the water.

But such goings-on weren't inconsistent with the surfers' casual every-man-for-himself approach to life. They have

always seen themselves as escapist and mavericks. Timothy Leary, the drug culture guru, once said, "Everything is made of waves, and surfers are mutants, throw-aheads of time," and the surfers liked that. They are fond of saying they are like the waves themselves: No two are the same. But it's not really true; it just seems that way because they're too drift to get it together.

There's a disdain for competition among surfers, because they see their sport as a sort of free-form artistry. The early surfing events were called expression sessions, with no judges to criticize form and during. The surfers figured whoever had the most fun was the real winner. It's still considered slightly uncool to win a contest, in the least, surfers don't take losing very hard.

But they're not without a competitive spirit and they itch for recognition, which creates a problem. Surfers have always been glory hounds. Oh how they love pictures of themselves! Even the coolest of the cool will turn into a hot dog at the sight of a camera. When Edwards first surfed the Pipeline, he was filmed from the beach by moviemaker Bruce Brown, who shot the footage for one of his early surfing films, *Surfing Hollow Days*, a prelude to his classic *The Endless Summer*. It wouldn't be impugning Edwards' motives to suggest that the movie camera inspired him to greatness on that historic day.

The first surfer to stand clearly above all the others at the Pipeline was Butch Van Artsdalen, although overall he

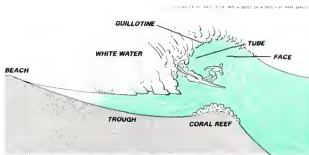
wasn't nearly the surfer Edwards was. "During my time Butch was really the King of the Pipeline," says Edwards. "He had it all over me because he was self-destructive. I was a chicken, but he had the kamakaze attitude you need to ride the Pipeline."

They called him Black Butch. He liked to bar-fight, and he liked to take direct hits on the head from 20-foot waves—at least, he would surface smiling. He became a Pipeline lifeguard and saved many lives. Unfortunately, his own wasn't one of them. He died in Wahiawa Hospital in 1979 of cirrhosis of the liver caused by alcoholism. He had his friends with him when he went out, smiling, into a hepatic coma, a beer in hand. His ashes were scattered in the Pipeline lineup. A funeral train of 40 surfers on their boards circled the floating ashes and tossed flower leis on the spot.

For a couple of years in the late '60s Jock Sutherland was the undisputed ace of the Pipeline. Raised on the North Shore, Sutherland, a switch-foot, was more than a Pipeline specialist; in fact, he was the first—and probably last—surfer since Edwards to be considered clearly the best in the world. Sutherland was known for dropping acid before he took on the Pipeline, but he was also intelligent and somehow stayed in at least tentative touch with reality. Says his brother-in-law, Mark Cunningham, a Pipeline lifeguard who is probably the best body surfer alive today, "Other guys would lose it for a while, but with Jock it was controlled craziness. He always knew what he was doing."

Sutherland enlisted in the Army in 1969, and after he came back to the North Shore in 1971, he never regained his form. He still lives there. He spent this season in a cast from hip to ankle, after breaking his femur on the rocks at a spot called Jock's, named after him. He was the first to surf against those rocks.

Then there was Jose Angel, the most fearless if not the most skilled Pipeline surfer. Of Fili-



Anatomy of a wave: If the guillotine comes crashing down on a Pipeline surfer, he's off to the trough.

pino-Chinese ancestry. Angel was an elementary school principal in Waiālanu, and a semiprofessional boxer and wrestler. He didn't get high on drugs; he got high on nitrogen. He was hooked on scuba diving for black coral, which lies 150 and more feet down.

Angel first came to the North Shore from Santa Cruz, Calif., with Van Dyke in 1955. For the first few years, the Pipeline scared Angel, but then he seemed to change. "He was the guy the photographers started following," says Van Dyke. "There was no limit to what he would go out in. There wasn't a wave he wouldn't take off on. He would wipe out in all of them, and it wasn't with grace or finesse. He had a way of bailing off the board, doing a backflip and falling 20 feet to the trough. People still talk about his wipeouts."

But the years took their toll on Angel. He got the bends numerous times while scuba diving, and it affected him physically. He had marital problems, and they affected him emotionally. He began having a recurring nightmare that he was caged underwater and his mother was a shark trying to eat him. One day in 1976 he went diving off the island of Maui and lost track of the boat and had to swim eight hours and some 13 miles to reach the island of Molokai, where he climbed the cliffs on the shoreline to reach civilization. When he got back to the North Shore, he read an account of his death in a newspaper.

The report was only a few weeks premature. To sink faster, coral divers often jump into the water cradling two heavy rocks like babies. On his final dive the heavily weighted Angel misjudged the depth in the area; what he thought was 250 feet was later measured at 325. His body was never found.

Rick Grigg, 44, now an oceanographer with the University of Hawaii, was with Angel that day, but Grigg doesn't believe Angel was reckless—let alone self-destructive. Grigg feels a shark may have gotten him. He talks of Angel indirectly: "You need people who are willing to push the limits, so others can follow. They make it possible for others to go out there with style. They'll go out on a 30-foot day, take off, slide down the face and wipe out, but some other guy who has the finesse to pull it off will say, 'Himm, that's possible.' Maybe until then

MAP BY NEIL WALDMAN



Sunset, Waimea and Kaena's waves are bigger, Pipeline's better.

he would have never tried it. He might have sat on the beach thinking about it for the rest of his life."

Most surfers are followers. The Pipeline went untouched for years. After Edwards surfed it, he looked over his shoulder and saw three of his buddies paddling toward the lineup. It's the same today. On a particularly nasty morning the Pipeline may be empty; finally, one surfer will screw up the courage to tackle it. Then there will be a swarm.

Once in a while a surfer like Edwards comes along with the perfect style, just the right blend of easy skill in the water and laid-backness on land. The other surfers want to be just like him. Imitation is the rule in surfing. Equipment manufacturers are aware of this. Virtually all of the pros, stars or not, endorse surfboards and beachwear; their photos are featured in the ads and articles in surfing magazines. The adoltery is almost child-like. Everyone has a mentor, even Edwards, whose guru is an irascible old North Shore character named Flippy Hoffman, who has surfed the 40-foot waves at Kaena Point, or so the story goes.

Gerry Lopez, 33, of mixed Japanese, German and Spanish descent, is considered the best surfer ever to come down

the Pipeline. Like no surfer since Edwards, Lopez, who is 5'8" and 140 pounds, has become a cult figure. He's the only surfer to have parlayed the Pipeline into a living, and a handsome one at that. He endorses Pipeline-label clothing, makes promotional surfing expeditions to exotic, tropical spots and recently finished making a movie in Spain—he costarred with Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Conan the Barbarian*. Lopez suspects he was cast because the director, John Milius, is a surfer and wanted a kindred soul around during the six months' shooting.

Rory Russell, who has been surfing the Pipeline half his 28 years and has ridden it as well as anyone over the last half dozen, doesn't shave under his lower lip because Lopez doesn't shave under his. "Gerry Lopez is my idol, my hero and the greatest surfer that ever surfed the Pipeline," says Russell.

Lopez, too, has his idols: the North Shore pioneers. "I look at those guys and think how great they were," he says. "They remind me of the mountain men of the Old West. Those North Shore guys were real water men."

But Lopez isn't a follower. He's one of the few remaining surfers to whom the pastime is still more of an art than a

continued

Banzai Pipeline

continued

sport. A native of Honolulu, he moved from the North Shore to Maui in 1974 to escape the crowd—surfers, in particular. "I've never seen so many people on the beach," he said recently upon observing a relative handful. His appearances at the Pipeline have been spotty since 1975, but he hasn't really left it. He's part owner of a three-story cedar house smack-dab on the Pipeline: the two rooms on the second floor are his. "I can always come back here on special days and get a few waves," Lopez says. "That's really all I need now. That seems like enough."

Lopez, a goofy-foot, is the only surfer ever to make the Pipeline look easy. Never the most radical, he's still the best when the tubes are 10 to 12 feet and perfect. He has a remarkable ability to stay cool in the pocket. He has been filmed inside long tubes casually wiping the spray from his eyes. "The faster I go out there, the slower things seem to happen," he says.

But Lopez has taken his lumps. His board once gave him two black eyes, and another time he was unable to walk for two weeks because his tailbone was cracked after a free fall that ended in two feet of water in the trough. He laughs at the notion that he's the all-time king of the Pipeline. "The king of the Pipeline is the wave," he says. "The best anyone can do is survive it."

But that's exactly it: What makes Lopez different from the other Mr. Pipelines is that he got away with it. Says Edwards, "I know Gerry. I see him all the time, and we don't even talk about that place. But he must have some secret. He doesn't seem to me like any foolhardy daredevil. I think he must have figured out something nobody else ever knew."

Lopez chuckles at that notion. "The whole trick is catching the wave at the right place at the right moment," he says. "It sets up the whole ride. If I've figured out anything different, that's it. It seemed obvious to me. It's just a matter of being in touch with it. There's virtually an 'X' out there in the water to tell you where to catch the wave. I paddle around, and when I see a swell coming, I go right for the X. The wave and I meet right there, and I take off and catch it, while the other guys turn and see that I'm gone and just say, 'That ———'."

"But what really makes the difference," he adds, "is learning to stay away from the waves that can hurt you."

One Sunday last December, the swells at the Pipeline were rising higher than the horizon. Whitecaps rolled over the outside reef, and by the time the waves reached the lineup they were inconsistent and threatening. Lopez sat in the living room of his apartment in the three-story house—called the Pipeline Hilton by surfers—with one eye on the Bengals-49ers game on television and the other on the sea. Occasionally he would walk to the balcony and peer between the coconut palms at the surf. No one was in the lineup, but surfers were crouched on the beach, watching and waiting.

All morning no one dared to go out. Lopez continued to watch

football, lying on the couch, so relaxed that every breeze from the balcony threatened to roll him onto the floor. He smoked a joint, only passively interested in the game, and never took his eyes off the waves for more than a minute or so. Finally, one surfer went into the water; three others followed. "Cannon fodder," Lopez muttered. "I might have thought about going out 10 years ago, but no way now. I wouldn't even consider it. I can wait. There will be a better day I don't need to take those chances. I don't go for the 50-50s anymore. The 75-25s O.K., but not the 50-50s."

If it had mattered to Lopez to prove that he was still Mr. Pipeline, he would have been first out there, of course. How they would have talked about that, how that would have perpetuated his reputation. But perfect surfers don't have the same competitive drive that most other athletes do. What makes Lopez surf-idol material is that he has just the right amount of indifference and just the right amount of esthetic awareness. It wouldn't have looked neat to surf those imperfect waves.

There had been a lot of commotion that week because of the Masters, a professional contest held at the Pipeline each December for the past 10 years and one of the events on the International Pro Surfing circuit. Though he has won the event twice, Lopez hadn't entered this time. The idea of surfing whatever waves broke on the day chosen by some promoter displeased him; besides, he wasn't really interested in having his surfing judged. Late on the afternoon before the Masters, he watched some of the pros and scamps, as well as a few hot young local surfers, riding the Pipe. The waves were mellow six-footers. Mind-surfers squatted in the sand, their erect boards casting long shadows in the low sun. There were a few empty green beer bottles and rusty cans strewn about the beach. An old yellow Lab stalked a piece of driftwood. A girl wearing a bikini that could have fit inside a walnut shell high-stepped in the soft sand. Coconut palms leaned toward the ocean, their roots exposed by the storm tides. There was a pile of decaying palm fronds and two broken surfboards, like snapped jousting poles.

Lopez came down from the patio of the Pipeline Hilton wearing a red wet-

continued



A 13-year-old Edwards is dwarfed by his board.

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Banzai Pipeline

continued

suit vest, his signature surfboard under his arm. "Got to get one good ride before the sun goes down," he said, trotting toward the surf. He paddled out to the lineup and caught a small wave as a warmup. He got tubed on his second ride, the only surfer to catch a tube in nearly an hour, but his board popped out of the white water without him when the tube closed out. "Lopez!" someone shouted from the beach, pointing toward him as he swam after it.

For the rest of the afternoon he caught ride after ride, many of them tubes. He caught many more waves than the others. One of his tube rides was so long and thrilling he must have heard harpsichord music inside it. It threatened to close out on him two or three times, but he tucked like a downhill skier and sped on, his form blurry through the clear wall of water, and was spit back into daylight the instant the wave crumbled. The sun, veiled by one last tube, set behind Kaena Point, but the surfers stayed out until the moon rose and lit up the sandbar under them. Later that week, when the moon was full, they would be surfing at 1 a.m.

The preliminary heats for the Masters, which eventually would be won by Australian pro Simm Anderson, had been held earlier in the week. The waves had been gnarly eight- to 10-footers, from the northwest, particularly dangerous conditions, because they broke directly on top of the reef and northwest swells tend to close out all at once. The toll was heavy that day. One surfer cut his head, and another gashed his knee

on the reef; one Australian needed 150 stitches after the nose of his board struck him on his forehead, and a local Pipeline specialist broke an ankle.

The last of those victims is the epitome of the Pipeline surfer. Bruce Hansel moved to the North Shore four years ago, when he was 23. He had started surfing at nine in Florida, and he grew up reading about the Pipeline in surfing magazines—and idolizing Lopez

us all"). During his high school years, Hansel would drive to North Carolina with his surfboard to spend the summer at Cape Hatteras, which has the biggest waves in the East. He was also a goofy-foot, which further made him Pipeline material. "The only contest I ever really wanted to be in was the Masters," he said from an easy chair in his house on the beach. He was positioned so he could look out at the ocean. There was a jug of water and two kumquats on the end table at his elbow and a stereo speaker pointed at each ear. Hansel gazed down at his left leg, stretched before him and supported on bolsters from a couch. It was encased in a cast from thigh to toe. "It's always been my dream to surf the Pipeline and make it into the Masters," he said.

The Masters is an invitational, and his first year on the North Shore, 1977, Hansel was just another unknown from the East. Still, he lobbed his way into a slot as an alternate, which meant he was seeded somewhere about 50th, but didn't get into the field. It was the same the next year. In 1979 he was again an alternate, but this time he was allowed to participate. He was eliminated in his first heat. He was a non-participating alternate in 1980, but in 1981, after four years on the North Shore, he was recognized as a Pipeline regular and for the first time was invited as a full-fledged Masters contestant.

He opened his scrapbook and turned it to a page with a photo clipped from the *National Enquirer* of him taking off on a

15-foot wave. "That was the kind of wave that got me in the preliminaries," he said.

It was a 25-minute heat, and the surfers were to be judged on their three best rides. Hansel's first ride had been modest, but a good opener. His second had taken him all the way to the shore, and he was stoked as he paddled back out, knowing there were only a few minutes remaining in the heat but that a good ride would advance him. "There it came, a big set," he said. "I saw the wave I wanted. I might have let it go by, but being a contest I had to take it. It wasn't a very pretty wave; it was an ugly one, in fact, but I was still happy. I said, 'Yay, this is it, this is my big chance.' On the takeoff I really felt like this was what my life had been all about."

His turn down the face of the wave was a split second too slow. Sand a fellow surfer, who watched from the water, "He hesitated, and he was done."

When the guillotine bit him, Hansel was hammered into his board like a nail into a two-by-four. The impact broke his ankle in three places. It required two pins in his ankle and two in his fibula to patch him up. "When I got out of surgery, I found out I'd gotten second in the heat because the wipeout was worth some points," he said. "Sitting in the hospital bed for the next two days, I kept thinking how close I'd been to making it."

At Hansel's plaster-covered foot was a wildly painted surfboard, which he had

airbrushed himself. He airbrushes boards for a living at his small shop near Sunset Beach. "I'm very fortunate," he says. "I've got two art forms: surfing at the Pipeline and airbrushing. For the next few months I'll just concentrate on the one." By spring he hopes to be back on his board.

Says Fred Van Dyke, "Fame and fortune at the Pipeline. That's what lures a lot of kids out there, and they end up getting drilled." Bruce Hansel fared better than many.



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

MILWAUKEE AND MONCIEF

Sir:

Thanks for the great article by Anthony Cotton on Milwaukee Guard Sidney Moncrief and the rest of the team (*There's No Stopping the Bucks*, Feb. 22). They are an excellent team and definitely "ripe and ready." They're my pick for the title.

DAVID HESS
Deerbrook, Wis.

Sir:

It was just four years ago, almost to the day, that Sidney Moncrief, your Feb. 22 cover subject, last graced your cover. On the cover of the Feb. 13, 1978 issue you pictured Moncrief, then playing for the University of Arkansas Razorbacks, scoring toward the rim for a slam dunk. With due apologies to Carol Alt (Feb. 8), that was truly the most awe-inspiring cover photograph SI has ever run.

As for Moncrief, any basketball writer who fails to acknowledge him as the league's MVP should be stripped of his NBA media pass and relegated to covering high school lacrosse.

TIM O'CONNOR
Dallas

UNUSUAL UMP

Sir:

I'm a charter subscriber to SI, and I've now read more than 1,400 issues from cover to cover. *Bang! Bang!* You're Out (Feb. 22) by former major league umpire Ron Luciano and David Fisher is the all-time funniest, most interesting, most thoroughly enjoyable article that you've ever published.

DAVE GIBRANS
Redding, Calif.

Sir:

Thanks to Ron Luciano and David Fisher for *Bang! Bang!* You're Out. Luciano's sense of humor should get him into the Hall of Fame if his umpiring doesn't. My family wondered why I was giggling intermittently as I read the article. Trying to explain it to my wife, I finally dissolved into incoherent helplessness amid tears of laughter.

WILLIAM A. HERR
Burlington, Ohio

Sir:

I was very fond of Ron Luciano's style of umpiring, and your article brought back many colorful moments. Nobody did it better, and nobody will!

JEFF FORZLEY
Lemont, Ill.

Sir:

The article absolutely confirms my opinion that Ron Luciano was an incompetent buffoon as an umpire. He jokes about calling a pitch that was "right down the heart of the

plate," a ball, and he brags about missing plays while gabbing with coaches. It was a disgrace that a fool like Luciano was allowed to pollute the major leagues for as long as he did.

RIKH O'BRIEN
St. Davids, Pa.

Sir:

The best thing that has happened to baseball in years is that Ron Luciano got out of it.

DICK GARCIA
Chicago

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Sir:

I'm not sure if I should congratulate you or curse you for Curry Kirkpatrick's article *Nor Alone at the Top* (Feb. 22). While he did an excellent job of telling those outside ACC country what Virginia fans—and the opponents they've beaten—have known for a long time, you may also have taken away what could have been one of the "other" Cavaliers' best weapons in the NCAA tournament—their anonymity!

MICHAEL F. HUSSEY
St. Louis

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick, who had a following in my hometown of Chapel Hill, N.C. until his Feb. 22 article came out, mentioned that Carolina and Virginia are carbon copies of one another. Virginia Coach Terry Holland may have been able to copy Dean Smith's presses, traps, subs and foul-line huddles, but duplicating that 1982 NCAA championship trophy will be tough.

PETE DALLEGROFF
Ithaca, N.Y.

WEST VIRGINIA

Sir:

Many thanks to Jack McCallum for recognizing that basketball is played in places other than North Carolina, Virginia and Missouri (*After the Pies, It's the Peaks*, Feb. 15). When you failed to write anything about the West Virginia Mountaineers' football victory in last season's Peach Bowl, I gave up hope of ever reading anything about my alma mater in your pages. Keep that coverage coming!

KYLE MOORE
Maryville, Mo.

Sir:

I'd like to clear up an inaccuracy. Jack McCallum's statement about West Virginia Coach Gale Catlett captaining an entire state is far from the truth. "Good ol' Marshall," which, until Rutgers, was the only team to beat West Virginia this season and the last Mountaineer opponent to win in the Coliseum, is located in Huntington, W. Va. As one of many Marshall fans in the state, I can as-

sure you I'm interested in the Mountaineers only when they show up on our schedule.

RAY CHAMBERLAIN JR.
Huntington, W.Va.

Sir:

I'm mad at your low ranking (No. 13) of the Mountaineers in *BASKETBALL'S WEEK* (Feb. 22). At this writing, West Virginia's record (22-1) is topped only by Virginia's (25-1) and DePaul's (24-1).

JOHN W. HOYNE
Mount Vernon, Ohio

Sir:

To even consider West Virginia among the Top 20 is bad enough, but to actually put them there is a disgrace. With the schedule they play, they simply don't belong there.

CLAY MISTON
Williamstown, W.Va.

BOUTIQUE GOLF BALLS

Sir:

I just finished reading Dan Jenkins' story on the Crosby, won by Jim Simons (*Simply Simons at the Crosby*, Feb. 15). It was entertaining, if you like to read about colored golf balls. However, when someone like Mike Morley shoots 65-67 on the last two days in a top field like the Crosby's, he deserves some ink, too—orange, lime green or black.

ED COMPTON
St. Paul

Sir:

Dan Jenkins quotes Jack Nicklaus as saying that he might use a Safety Yellow golf ball if MacGregor invents one. You would think that if MacGregor invented a colored golf ball, it would be plaid.

BILL FULWIDER
Austin, Texas

Sir:

Dan Jenkins suggested that only Calvin Klein can determine which orange golf balls are going to add to the game. However, there were no further comments from SI following the Hawaiian Open, won by Wayne Levi using a Wilson Pro Staff Optic Orange ball. It seems that Levi—and the thousands of other golfers who are using it—appreciate properties in the orange golf ball that have escaped Jenkins and SI.

MALCOLM CANDLISH
Senior Vice-President, Marketing
Wilson Sporting Goods Company
Rover Grove, Ill.

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